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Vol. CLXI No. 2110 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JUNE 29 1940

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THE SPHERE
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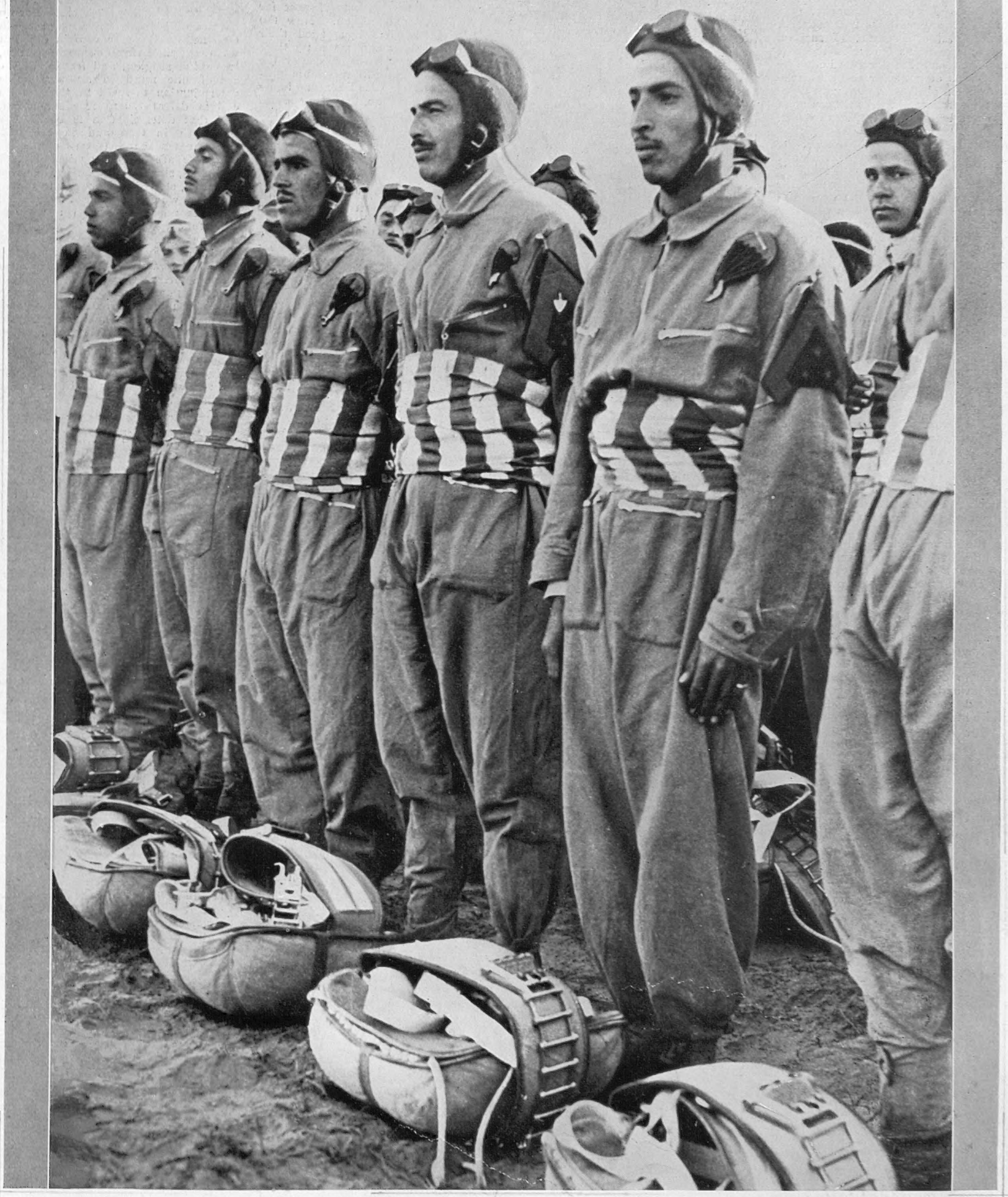
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 29, 1940



A LIBYAN PARACHUTE SQUAD BEFORE A FLIGHT

Italy Imitates Germany in Her Methods of Irregular Warfare Behind the Lines

The dropping of parachute troops behind the lines, first used by Russia and then by Germany, has now been adopted by Italy, not in its "campaign" against France in Europe, but in her African province of Libya. These men are obviously native levies, presumably Arabs of the province of Libya. The men shown here all wear a parachute badge just below the left shoulder and on the arm a triangular device clipped on to the sleeve. The pockets are zip-fastened. Round the striped cummerbund is placed the heavy belt shown folded over the parachute which lies on the ground in front of each parachutist. The goggles worn over the close-fitting helmet are doubtless necessary to combat the glare and sand of the African desert

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. XLIII

32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

"EST-IL POSSIBLE?"—

Of French Governments we have heard much since 1918 and most of it disquieting. We never expected to hear of a French Government which would sink to the level of Pétain's. I suppose nothing has hit us harder in the past two years than the swift contradiction by treacherous or cowardly actions of the most solemn pledges and the most high-flown assurances. We have been more impressed by the utter futility of oaths, promises, treaties and words generally than by the weakness and futility of the defences of democratic governments. The lilies and the glory of France lie trampled in the dust, no better than the earth they lie upon—at the word of a Marshal of France, who has preferred to drink the dregs of humiliation than to put his lips to the cup of honour. Well may we, in our lonely grandeur, pity the brave, who are in a majority, among the French nation, whose latest proofs of courage, comradeship, and resolve are still fresh and lovely in the memories of many men and women who served of late in France. The fine phrases of Pétain and of Weygand, spoken in the days when first they were called to repair the frightful errors and carelessness of the French Command, under whose leadership we placed the destiny of our Expeditionary Force, still ring in our ears. Those declarations were in the manner and tradition of Napoleon's marshals, and they were brave, comforting words. Yet a week or two later these men were conspiring to betray France and Britain and the honour of democracy all over the world. Are we to believe that the spirit of France is diluted all through? We cannot believe that the French sailors and airmen will not at least emulate the spirit of the Germans of 1918 and sink and destroy, rather than surrender for use against their allies and cause, the ships and planes which they have used with such courage. And what of the Empire of France? Is that also, remoter from the tragedy, tamely to lay down its arms and offer its resources to the enemy to complete the destruction of freedom and decency in Europe for a hundred years? It is impossible to believe it.

PITT AND CHURCHILL.—

During nearly twelve hours of that black day in our history, Monday, June 17, 1940, the British public was left without one single word of guidance or explanation from its Government. The implications of Pétain's submission to the Nazis were left to public speculation and no word came from our Government. Certainly, the public generally supposed that the French armies had ceased to fight, that once more our Expeditionary Force was abandoned to German encirclement in France and that probably the French Navy and Air Force would at the best be immobilised. So it remained in uncertainty at 9 p.m. when Mr. Churchill spoke a dozen or so of calm but completely vague words. At the very moment when he was due to speak, I was reading (by way of mental relief and to pass the time) Rosebery's *Pitt* and had reached this sentence: "One Emperor was in flight, the other sullenly sustained defeat; their armies were scattered; a peace was being negotiated; amid the shattered ruins of the Coalition, Pitt alone remained. But even in the wreck of his life, his intrepid foresight survived. Nothing, he said, but a war of patriotism, a national war, could now save Europe. England," he had just said, "has saved herself by her exertions, and will, I trust, save Europe by her example." History repeats herself.

L.D.V. — A WELL-MEANT WARNING.—

The L.D.V. are a body of fine men, splendidly keen and resolute, and full of the spirit of endurance and sacrifice. They are rapidly acquiring some discipline and training in observation and communication, which is their main task, and in musketry, within the limits available. But already there is a tendency to forget that these men are in great proportion engaged in work of national importance and are working on those tasks already as much as four hours per day overtime, in fields, on military works, on the roads as transport drivers. They now come under the control of the regular military authority of their areas. These authorities, which recently have changed almost every week, know yet very little about the conditions under which these men work and under which they volunteered. To the local brigadier or colonel they are just a military unit, and the time-honoured orders go forth to the L.D.V. commanders: "Please detail ten orderlies to report to X post for night duty," and so on. Now the L.D.V. commanders have fixed their posts and patrols and made up their rosters of duty so as to impose on the volunteers the precise maximum possible strain which, with their long hours in field and workshop, they can endure. If the military claim from them other duties, the patrols and posts must be abandoned—that is, observation and communication cannot be secured—and also the work of national importance which these men are doing must suffer. It is of vital necessity, therefore, that the Home Defence authorities should make it clear to local military commanders exactly what these L.D.V. are already doing and the limits which must be set to asking more of them.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.—

I have been reminded of a speech made by Jacky Fisher on May 2, 1903, at the Royal Academy banquet—made (we should say) in times of piping peace and security. Fisher was a great one for terse mottoes. He hung them up everywhere in his offices and ships: "Silence," "Deeds, not words," "Do it now"—he rivalled Northcliffe in his love of these terse slogans. He told this story to the guests at the Academy banquet:—"When I was C.-in-C. Mediterranean, I went to inspect a small destroyer, only 260 tons, but with such pride and swagger that she might have been 16,000 tons. The young lieutenant in command took me round. She was in beautiful order and I came aft to the wheel and saw there the inscription, *Ut veniant omnes*. 'Hullo,' I said, 'what the deuce is that?' Saluting, he said, 'Let 'em all come, sir.' Well, that was not boasting; that was the sense of conscious efficiency—the sense that permeates the whole fleet; and I used to think, as the admiral, it will be irresistible, provided the admiral is up to the mark." It is as true to-day as in 1903. We believe all ranks in the *silent* service are up to the mark, high-water mark. Deeds, not words. May our statesmen take note of it.

WE HAVE OUR FAITH.—

While we pray for news of events favourable to our cause (for God knows we have had a long series of reverses), we are steeled to hear and to bear the news of still further set-backs. For we have our faith and it is strong still—in God and in the men who in different ways are fighting for the cause of justice, humanity, religion, and freedom. We are of one mind in an unalterable determination to resist to the end till evil is defeated and freedom saved, and that determination is backed by our faith in God and in the men and women ranged on our side. Thus we are steeled against further bad news, steeled to suffering, loss and privation, steeled to labour or to die in a cause which, if it be lost, could leave us no possible wish to survive. Thus fortified, and with a hundred petty personal cares and individual preoccupations thrown away on the common scrap heap of private aims, we are far less vulnerable than we were even a month ago. Not until the last man and woman have been thrown in and destroyed, not until the last acre of still free territory has been overrun, can Hitler base a claim to have conquered. Thus, though time was the vital factor if France was to be saved, time is still the ultimate conqueror of Hitler and in God's good time we believe that the feet of time will outrun him.

A MINORITY REMAINS.—

Yet still in this country a minority remains that does not, and perhaps cannot, comprehend that organisations and methods of thought, justified and right in peace-time, can have no part in our present fearful crisis. All departments are overworked, and that may account for the fact that many drags on the wheel of realistic national purpose and progress exist. It is nowhere more apparent than in the equipment and training of the L.D.V. Despite Sir Edward Grigg's assurances, leaders are perpetually hampered in their efforts at local organisation by petty regulations. Those who are pouring out their private money in petrol, telephone calls and postage cannot hope to be recouped, save by vexatious and sometimes impossible requirements in the way of Treasury safeguards for which they have neither the stuff nor the time. A certain number of revolvers and ammunition are required by some of the leaders. Such weapons and ammunition were handed in in quantities to the police, but their release to the Local Defence Units is hedged by restrictions. At such a time, if defence is to be properly organised, such restrictions must be removed, chosen officers must be trusted not to abuse emergency privileges, and every department concerned should be ordered to co-operate and to forget the peace-time laws of general suspicion and safety first. The re-equipment of the B.E.F. rightly took precedence of all other claims. But materials of war should now be instantly and freely made available for Home Defence.

BUSINESS AS USUAL.—

In these last days of an old order, when (whatever come) political and economic consequences ensure that little that is recognisable from our old world and institutions will survive into the new world, I read with curious interest the instances daily to be culled from the Press of "business as usual." It seems to me odd to read of a municipal gallery adding to its art treasures by paying more than £1,000 for a Greek torso, at auction. Odd to read in the columns of a paper, which has no space to print the lists of gardens open for District Nursing Funds, accounts of the dresses worn by brides and bridesmaids. Odd to read reports of golf matches, to see columns devoted to racing results and cricket results. Odd to read letters printed at length about what Gladstone said in '79 and how so-and-so misquoted Tennyson. Yet for some of these irrelevances there is excuse. Curtailed as the papers are, there is more than enough about war in them. No doubt it is difficult to select what is and what is not justified as light relief.

THE OLD STAGER

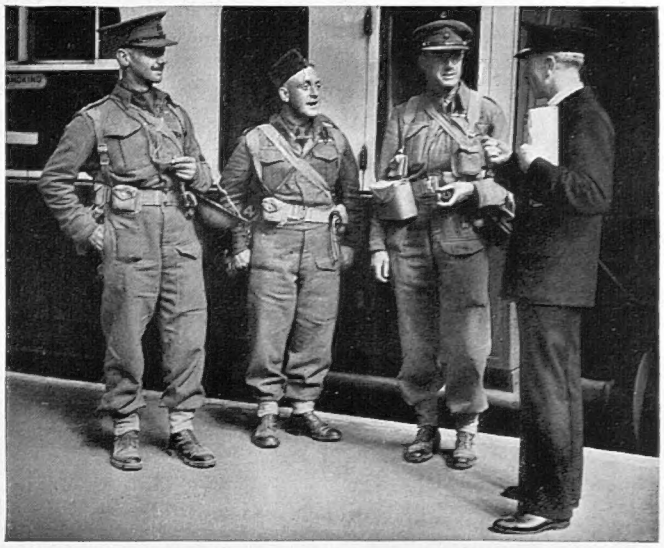
"THE SPHERE'S" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR JULY: The opening days of July are characterised by a lack of moonlight. There is no aid for the night traveller until about the 9th or 10th, when the slender rim of the new moon will give a certain amount of light. By the 12th the light should be quite strong until well after midnight. The full moon, a week later, rises at 9 p.m. and sets at 5.15 a.m. After that date, the moon is powerful but rises later and later

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

THE LAST MEN HOME

The B.E.F. Demolition Squads Return to Britain

LAST HOME FROM BREST: After a very hectic time at the great French naval port of Brest, the British Naval Demolition Party have arrived back in Britain: their task was to destroy the docks and impede the enemy in every possible way. Similar measures were also taken at many other French ports



LAST HOME FROM LE HAVRE: These three officers were among the last hundred to leave Le Havre before the entry of the Germans. This great commercial port fell into the enemy's hands quite early in the push through France

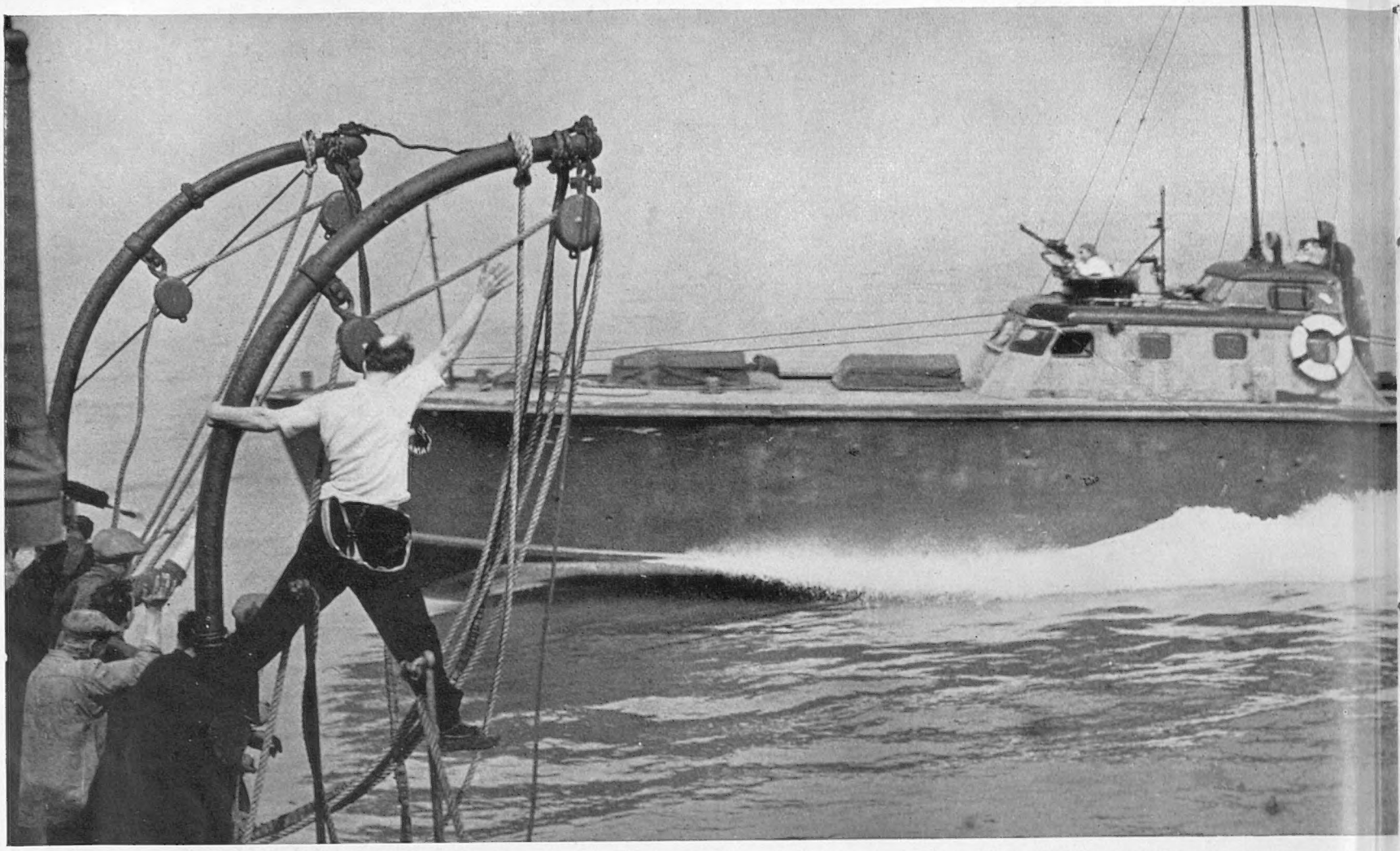
LANCASHIRE WELL TO THE FORE AGAIN: After their gallant work during the Retreat to Dunkirk, men from Lancashire were also amongst the last to leave France. Here is a group of lads from Manchester: in the centre, without cap, is Jackie Brown, the well-known bantamweight boxer

LAST OUT OF A FRENCH PORT: This group was photographed as the men passed through London. They were the last regiment to leave a certain French port. They got out with all their guns and equipment under the very noses of the enemy, who actually appeared on the quay as they left—And they didn't lose a single man!

BACK HOME FROM NORWAY: A party of British sailors, the last to leave the Norwegian port of Narvik—where the Allied Forces took good care to put the iron-ore railway and port out of action for many months to come

NURSES RETURN FROM FRANCE, TOO: Having shared all the hardships endured by the B.E.F., these nurses were amongst the last to arrive in England. Their possessions were all contained in a very few handbags and suit cases!

THE LAST R.A.F. MEN TO LEAVE LE HAVRE: Complete with the somewhat unusual equipment (for the R.A.F.) of tin helmets and kit bags, these men escaped from the port of Le Havre after its investment by the Germans



THE R.A.F. SPEEDBOAT ROARS PAST A PORT EXAMINATION VESSEL. NOTE THE LINES OF THE TRIM LITTLE BOAT; AND ITS TWO ANTI-AIRCRAFT POSTS, MANNED FOR ACTION

THE WIRELESS OPERATOR AT WORK IN HIS CABIN, WHICH IS IN THE CLOSEST PROXIMITY TO THE COMMANDER'S QUARTERS

THE COMMANDER OF THE R.A.F. BOAT READING A RADIO MESSAGE JUST RECEIVED AS THE FLIGHT-SERGEANT STANDS BY. THE COMPACTNESS OF THESE VESSELS AND THE ECONOMY OF THEIR DESIGN IS SOMETHING TO MARVEL AT

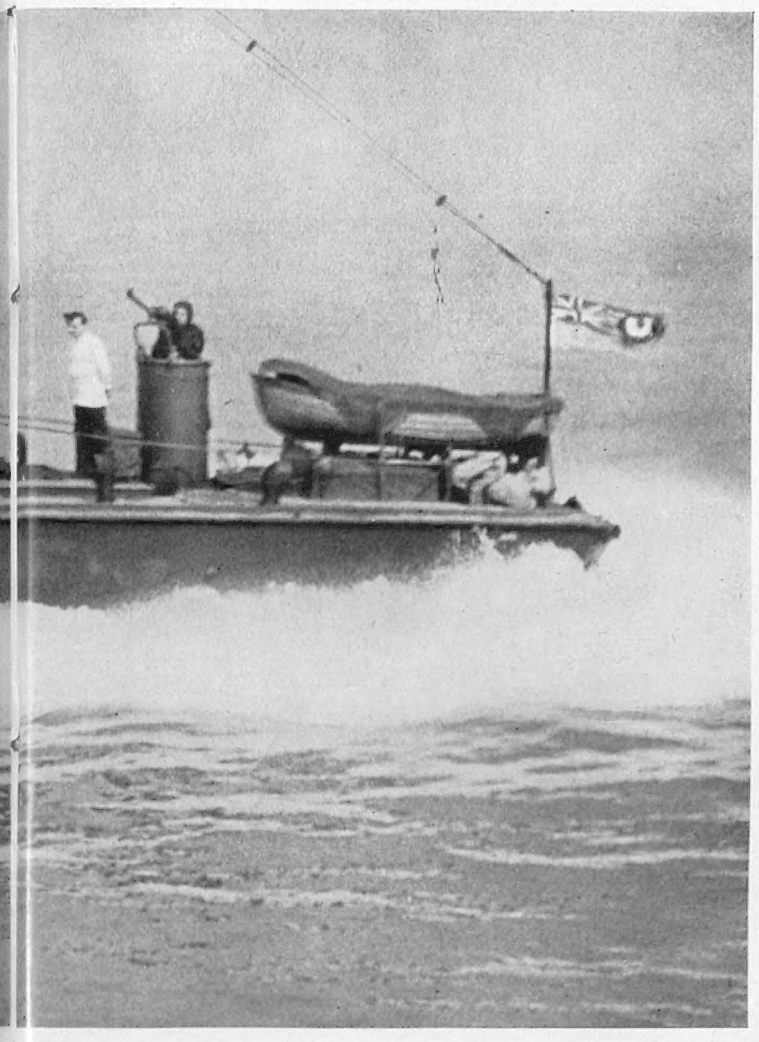
In addition to its many other duties the Royal Air Force runs its own lifeboat service. The officers and men engaged in this work have to go out and search for the crews of British or enemy aircraft forced down on the sea. As planes may be reported down 50 miles or more out at sea, it is necessary to have powerful speedboats in order to reach any given spot in time. These pictures were taken at an East Coast port, where the R.A.F. lifeboatmen have craft capable of travelling at 36 knots an hour, as compared with the ordinary lifeboat's 10 knots. The R.A.F. lifeboat is under the command of a pilot-officer and she has a crew of nine, including a flight-sergeant. She is well capable of defending herself if attacked

A MESSAGE IS HANDED IN BY THE RADIO OPERATOR. NOTE THE IDENTIFICATION CHARTS ON THE WALL OF THE CABIN

THE SKIPPER CHARTING THE COURSE TO AN AREA WHERE AN R.A.F. RAFT HAS BEEN REPORTED SEEN

The "LIFEBOAT SERVICE" of the R.A.F.

All Round the Coasts of these Islands this Service is Operating



READY FOR HOSTILE AIRCRAFT—THE FLIGHT-SERGEANT PLACING DRUMS OF LEWIS GUN AMMUNITION ON THE SPECIAL RACKS PROVIDED WITHIN THE CABIN

UNDER WAY—ONE OF THE TWO LEWIS GUNNERS ON THE WATCH FOR THE ENEMY. SOME IDEA OF THE SPEED OF THE VESSEL CAN BE JUDGED BY THE TERRIFIC WAKE

THE ENGINE ROOM OF THE SPEEDBOAT—LOOKING DOWN AT THE TWO MECHANICS IN THE COCKPIT BELOW DECK WHERE THEY TEND THE TWO AERO ENGINES WHICH POWER THE BOAT

THE FLIGHT-SERGEANT AT THE CONTROLS IN THE PROTECTED CABIN: THE LEGS OF ONE OF THE LEWIS GUNNERS CAN BE SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND

THE PICK OF NEW ZEALAND'S MANHOOD ARRIVES IN ENGLAND: Mr. Jordan, High Commissioner for New Zealand, recently visited the newly-arrived Anzac troops in their camp in England. Standing on a pile of ammunition boxes, he spoke to them and assured them of the great welcome which the Mother Country extended to them. He was heartily cheered by the men, who were in excellent spirits

THEIR FIRST GLIMPSE OF BRITAIN: Some fine types of Maori warriors who formed part of the New Zealand contingent of troops which recently arrived over here. Though their homes are so far removed from the scene of strife, these men came willingly to help in the fight for freedom. The Dominions are sending over large numbers of excellently trained and fully-equipped men

NEWSPAPERS WERE EAGERLY SOUGHT: On disembarking, these Australian soldiers immediately bought newspapers and anxiously read the latest war news which, despite its gravity, could not dispel the confidence in the ultimate outcome with which these men are imbued. Their picturesque hats lent a note of gaiety to the scene

HIS MAJESTY'S CANADIAN NAVY: The commanding officers of the newly-arrived Canadian destroyers. They are, from left to right—Lieut.-Commander H. G. de Wolf, Lieut.-Commander Horatio Nelson Lay, and Lieut.-Commander J. C. Hibbard

CANADIAN SAILORS COME ASHORE: Ratings of the Canadian destroyers which recently arrived in England to help to resist any attempt at invasion on the part of the Nazis. They are seen marching along the quay in true British naval style

BRITAIN'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

Men and Women of the Empire Arrive to Help in the Common Struggle Against Nazi World Domination

ARE THEY DOWNHEARTED? There is no need to doubt the morale of the men whom Australia is sending over. This particular contingent arrived in a famous liner from which they must have caught the cruising spirit which prevailed in it in peace-time

CANADIAN NURSING SISTERS: Wearing their smart uniforms, these sisters of the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps were all smiles as they disembarked at a northern England port after their long journey from Canada

DECK PARADE: These nurses accompanied the 2nd Australian Imperial Force and, with the troops, they paraded on deck for roll call after embarkation at Melbourne. Crowds lined the foreshore from Port Melbourne to St. Kilda to watch the transport leave

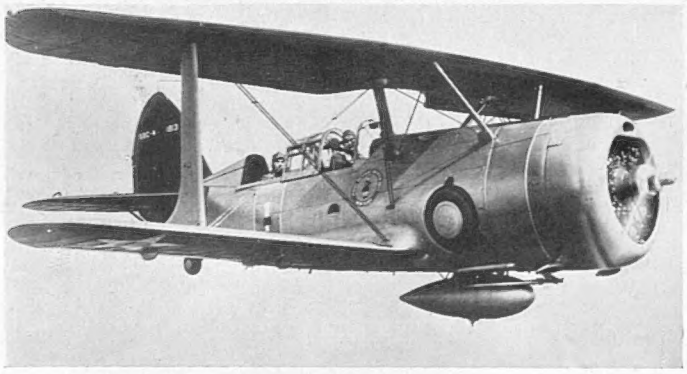
YOUTH AND COURAGE COMBINED: A flying officer from Canada, typical of the men who, against great odds, have proved themselves time and time again superior to anything the German Luftwaffe can offer

A CHEERING SIGHT, FOR THEM AND FOR US: These Canadian airmen acclaimed their arrival at a British port with lusty cheers. They have no delusions as to the grimness of the task which lies before them but they certainly seem unwilling to allow it to interfere with their spirits. They have before them the triumphant record set up by their comrades who came over at the beginning of hostilities

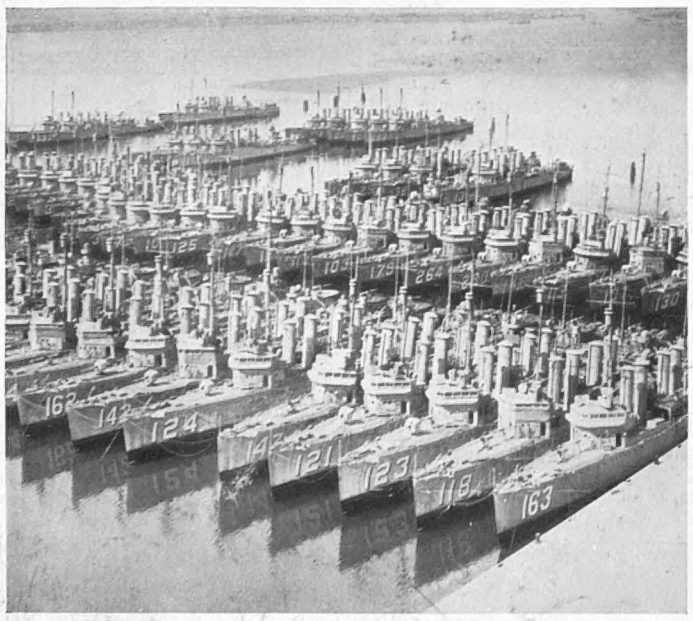
AMERICA'S AID FOR BRITAIN

— Aeroplanes, Shipping, Warships . . .

PREPARING U.S. NAVAL PLANES FOR DELIVERY TO ENGLAND: Sold to England under the new "trade-in" plan, these planes are being daubed with camouflage paint and tuned up on an airfield at Buffalo. They will then be flown over the Canadian border for shipment to Britain. The planes in the background are still to be painted, while the others are ready to move off



FIFTY OF THESE U.S. DIVE-BOMBERS HAVE ALREADY BEEN MADE AVAILABLE: This is a Curtiss dive-bomber of the U.S. Navy. Fifty of these have already been delivered to Britain in response to the appeal of the U.S. Ambassadors in England and France



AMERICA WAKES TO THE NEED FOR INSTANT ACTION: Some of the 260 destroyers of the U.S. Navy lying at a naval base at San Diego, California, where they have been laid up for some years. Each destroyer cost about 3,000,000 dollars to build: they are now to be reconditioned and brought back into actual commission without delay

HOW THE U.S. PLANES HAVE BEEN TOWED ACROSS THE BORDER INTO CANADA: Previously it has been necessary to tow U.S. planes across the border into Canada, so as not to infringe the Neutrality Regulations. Now, however, the President has declared that this formality is no longer necessary and the planes are actually being flown direct to their destination for quicker shipment to this country. This plane, passing through the peaceful grainfields of the border, has already received its coating of war-time camouflage

THE "FORGOTTEN SHIPS" OF THE UNITED STATES ARE TO GO INTO SERVICE AGAIN: After years of idleness this armada of forgotten ships is to go back into service immediately. These vessels are owned by the United States Maritime Commission: they were built during the last war, and are now, by modern standards, obsolete. Owing to war conditions, however, the need for shipping is becoming more and more acute. These ships are, therefore, to be made available for charter or for sale to interested nations

THE SILENT PORTS

of the Northern Seas

The Sorry Plight of the Sea-borne Trade of the Occupied Lands

Examined by
EDWIN H. JUDD

THERE are few sights more interesting and inspiring to an industrial nation than that of a busy, bustling port. Luxury liners with their thousands of world travellers passing up and down the gangways; weather-stained merchant ships of all sizes, shapes and colours lying alongside mile upon mile of quayways, loading or discharging their cargoes of varied and precious wares from every corner of the globe.

The chuff-chuff of the steam cranes and winches, the rising and falling hum of electric motors, the rattling of chains and dumping of huge loads on the quayside. The steady flow of packages along a conveyor belt to the warehouses, the rustling stream of thousands of tons of grain flowing down large pipes into barges alongside, while now and again one is startled by the shrill sirens of ships as they enter or leave the acres of docks on which they are floating.

Every large port in the British Isles is, in spite of, as well as because of, the war, in that condition. But what of those other ports abroad which during the last two or three months have been occupied by the arch-destroyer of civilisation? As far as their export trade is concerned, the conditions have changed. Even before the German hordes over-ran Belgium the port traffic of Antwerp, with normally a great fleet of 1,000 vessels entering and leaving the port every month, had dwindled to a third of its normal, in spite of the fact that Belgium was more or less free to roam the wide oceans.

At Rotterdam, thousands of barges, dealing with even internal traffic up and down the River Rhine, were laid up. What of Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Oslo, Gothenburg, and the German ports of Hamburg and Bremen, let alone the smaller ports dealing mostly in passenger traffic such as Flushing, Hook of Holland, Dunkirk, Calais and Boulogne?

But for traffic with Germany, where the sea routes are more or less available by hugging the coastline, or by passing through the Kiel Canal for the Baltic trade, these great and world-famous ports must be now ominously silent and dead to the outer world westwards. Their sun has set in the west, to be lit up now and again at night only by flames of destruction from intrepid aircraft.

But that is not all the story of their decadence. With no imports of essential foodstuffs and raw materials to feed their farms and industries, the paralysis grows; their machinery rusts and their warehouses become dismally empty, the haunt of rats. Their dock-workers and their sailors swell the ranks of the unemployed, and the sea-birds perch undisturbed on silent and motionless derricks.

The shipyards among those stricken ports probably show the most lively activity for the present, so long as the supplies of steel plates and sections last, adding to Germany's depleted navy; the machine-gun-like rattle of the pneumatic riveters following on the rat-a-tat-tat of the terrors of the sky.

More than half of the foreign trade of Scandinavia was with overseas nations; 44 per cent. of Denmark's foreign trade was with this country or Empire, so was 20 per cent. of Holland's, and 17 per cent. of Belgium's; let alone what went to other countries overseas, or even as near home. The total trade with foreign countries now inaccessible to these trampled-on nations ranged from 45 to 60 per cent.

The procession of Scandinavian vessels, laden with timber and iron ore, paper pulp and pyrites, fish and furs, which streamed across the North Sea to Britain and the west, as Norse ships have done for a thousand years, now bringing back coal and cement, feeding stuffs and fertilisers, plough these seas no longer, while the Hun haunts their mountains and fiords.

Danish motorships no more scour the world from Copenhagen for the nuts and the oils for her great margarine industry, the grain and the coal for her mills and factories; nor to carry her dairy produce and bacon to the breakfast table of her best customer—Britain.

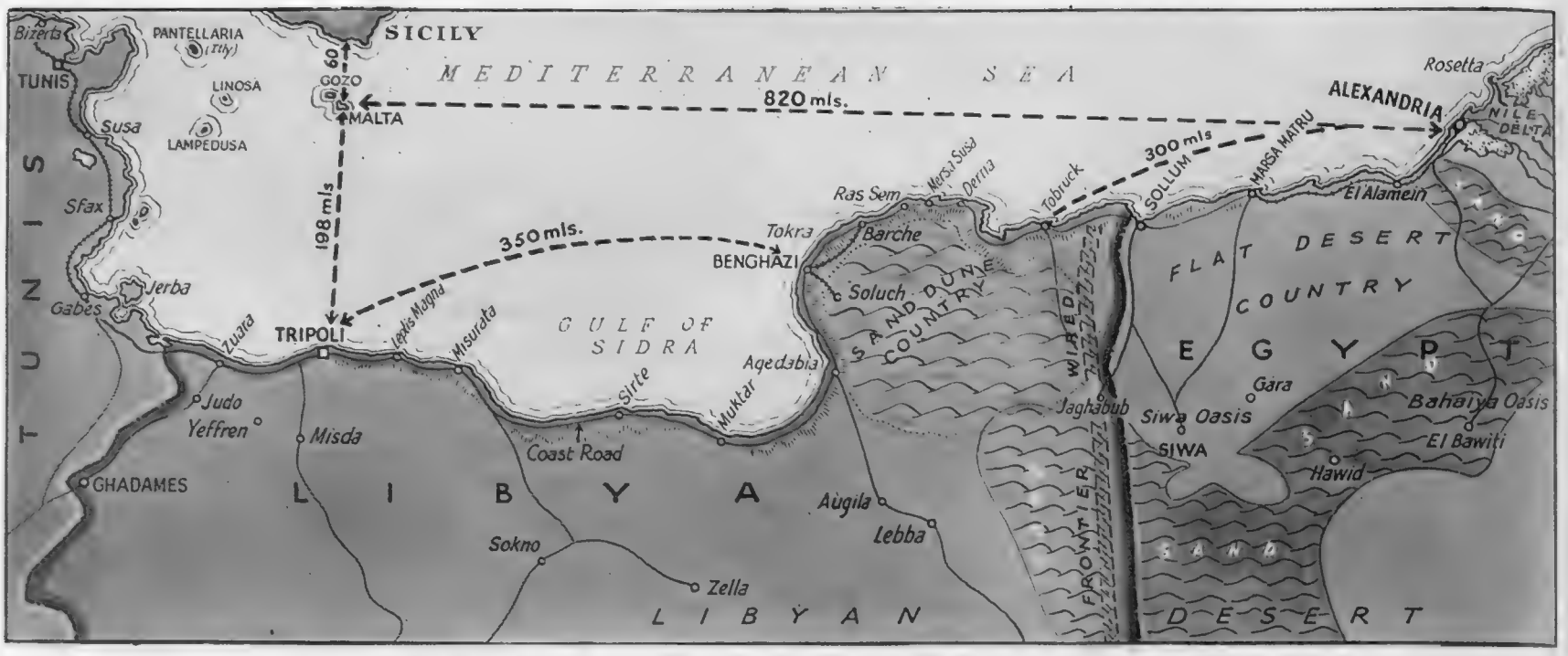
Holland is cut off from her great and valuable colonies in the east and her island possessions in the west. Her vast stores of oil and rubber, of copra and palm nuts, are not available for her industrious population, while her farms and her factories become destitute of fertilisers and fuel.

No longer can she look to Britain to buy her market produce of butter and milk, of onions and eggs. Instead, her warehouses are plundered by the ruthless invader, while her cattle and sheep, her pigs and poultry slowly fade away. Her five score of shipyards lack the materials to build with, and the clang of the yards will eventually die down.

The submission of Belgium's king to the Nazi interloper has closed all Belgium's ocean routes to the needs of her prolific industries. No coal can go out—even to her next-door neighbour France—no iron ore can come in; no wheat from the great western plains, neither cotton nor wool for even what is left of her factories and workshops so cruelly destroyed by war. 'For the greater part of all these much needed supplies busy ports are required, but as silence and desolation descend on them the ebb and flow of commerce and industry swing to and fro like the pendulum of a running-down clock.

THE LOST TRADE OF THE FOUR OCCUPIED LANDS, NORWAY, DENMARK, HOLLAND, AND BELGIUM: With all their overseas trade with the west cut off, these once prosperous ports are silent and still! On the above map are shown the usual trade routes across the North Sea; and the sea and ocean routes—to north for America and south for the Mediterranean and the East

THE ONCE BUSY SCENE AT COPENHAGEN: Danish ships for many months have ceased to scour the world for nuts and oils for Denmark's great margarine industry



WHERE ITALIAN PORTS AND AIR STATIONS HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFULLY ATTACKED

On left—**THE ITALIAN NAVAL STATION AT TOBRUK:** A scene outside the Residency on the harbour front

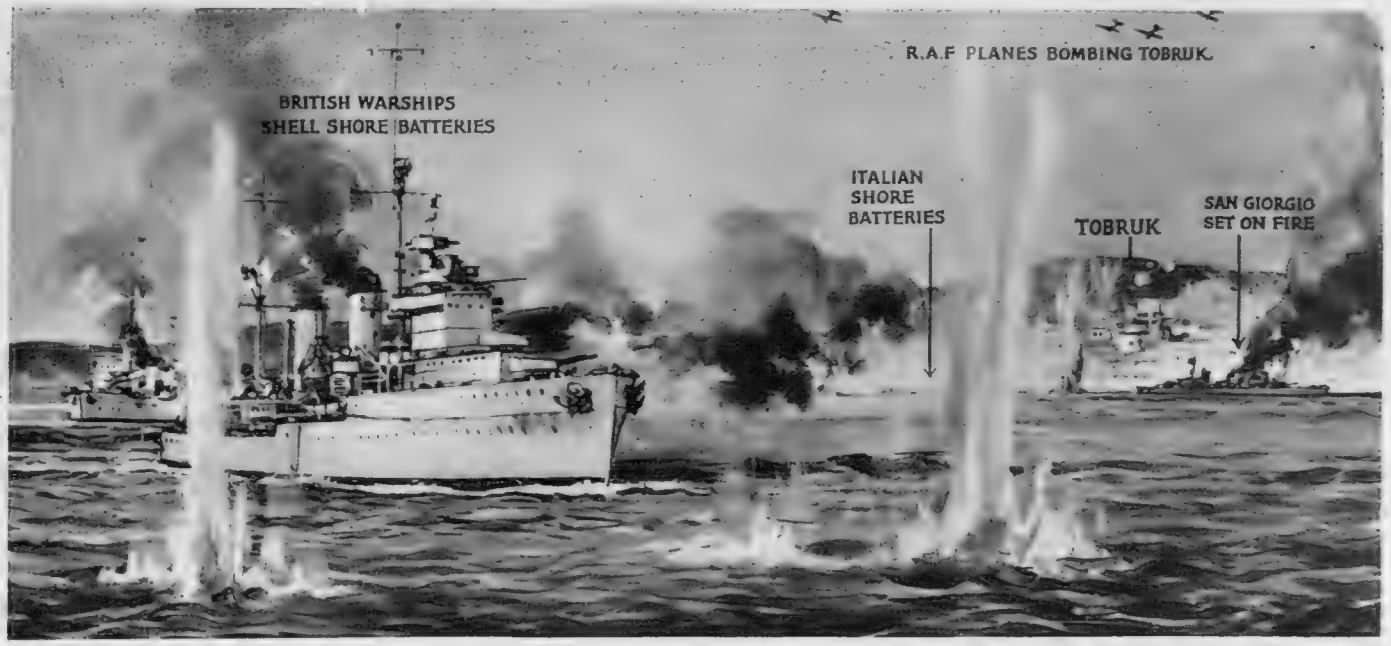
On the extreme left is Tunis, which last week stated that it was prepared to fight on in the cause of France; in the centre is the Italian province of Libya with its coast road running alongside the entire shore from Tunis to Egypt; on the right is the Egyptian desert province where masses of sand dunes occur; on the extreme right is Alexandria, whence a considerable number of people have evacuated to the south. The first brush occurred at the frontier where British armoured forces rushed a fort, captured 400 men and an officer in Italian uniform. An Italian submarine was sighted, a Cairo message stated last week, by two British fighting planes. A Blenheim bomber immediately went up and the submarine was subsequently attacked and destroyed. At the week-end Tobruk was again raided. Smoke was seen pouring from a large warship as the result. An audacious series of coups and captures has been effected by four British armoured cars on the Bardia-Tobruk coastal road deep in enemy territory. The total haul of these four cars was thirty-four lorries, three staff cars and three civilian cars destroyed;

THE CLEAR WATER OF THE MEDITERRANEAN ENABLES A SUBMARINE TO BE SEEN WITH MORE EASE THAN ONE OUTSIDE IN THE ATLANTIC: When the weather is sufficiently calm, the clearness of Mediterranean water enables a submarine to be seen much more easily than one out in the thicker waters of the Atlantic or the North Sea. The bottom of favourable conditions, visible at a depth of 25 to 30 fathoms. On great depths within the basin of the Mediterranean to which

MEDITERRANEAN NEWS: The First Action Against Libya—the Visibility of Submarines and the Depth of the Mediterranean

On right—**THE WESTERN GATE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN:** At its western end, the Mediterranean narrows to a strait only 10 miles across, with Spain on the North, and the international territory of Tangier on the South. The depth of water varies greatly, plunging from 600 ft. to 3,000, as shown on the map to the right

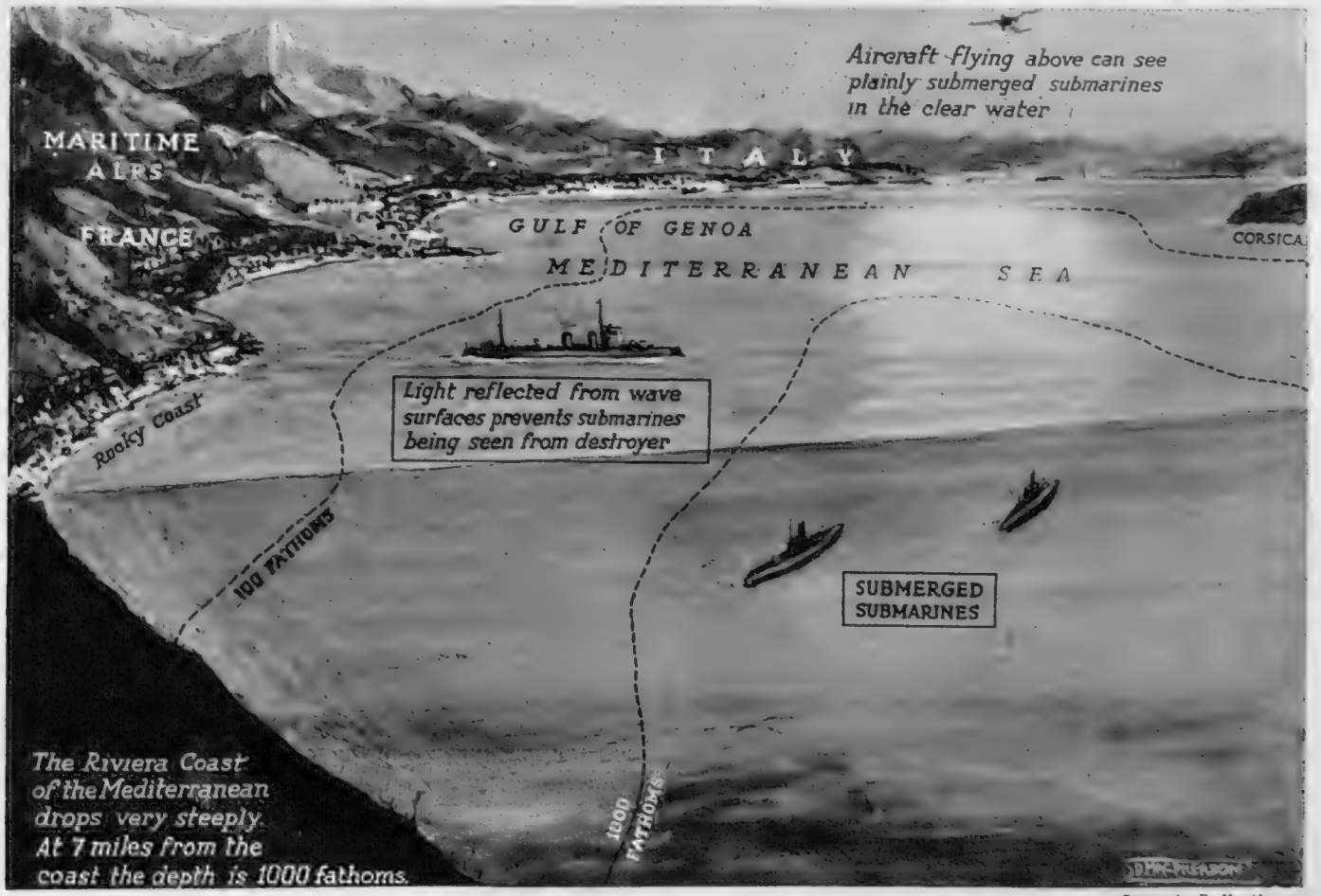
THE ROUGH GOING ON THE HIGH GROUND OF MALTA: Malta has been subjected to a number of raids, but the damage so far has been small. During the week-end a big Italian bomber over the island was destroyed



Drawn by Montague Dawson

THE FIRST NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN: On June 11, machines of the R.A.F. bombed Tobruk Harbour with good effect. An Italian cruiser, the San Giorgio (9,232 tons, four 10-in. guns and eight 7.5 guns), and two destroyers were set on fire. British naval units took part in the engagement. They were fired at by the Italian shore batteries, but none of the British ships was hit

one Italian officer and twenty men killed; ten Italian officers (including a general), sixty-one Italian and seventeen native soldiers captured



Drawn by D. Macpherson

Drawn by Montague Dawson

PROFOUND DEPTHS: Although for so many days of the year the Mediterranean is a smiling sunlit sea, it yet hides beneath its surface shadowy depths. To take one area—the Riviera coast district shown above. The depth here rapidly falls from 600 ft. to 6,000 ft. This depth factor has a bearing on submarine tactics, the length of time it can remain below the surface, and so forth

the sea, it is said, is, under the other hand, there are sunlight could not penetrate

1.—FOUR O'CLOCK A.M. IN THE COLD GREY OF EARLY DAWN THE LANDING PARTIES MUSTER ON THE DECK OF THE BATTLESHIP TO LAND AT REYKJAVIK

4.—AN HISTORIC MOMENT. THE FIRST BRITISH SOLDIER EVER TO LAND IN ICELAND IS MET BY THE BRITISH CONSUL, WITH WHOM HE IS SHAKING HANDS

2.—THE LANDING PARTY TRANSFERS FROM BATTLESHIP TO DESTROYER FOR THE ACTUAL LANDING. THE ROOFS OF REYKJAVIK ARE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE

5.—FAR FROM RESENTING THE OCCUPATION, THE TOWN BAND OF REYKJAVIK TURNS OUT TO GREET THE FORCE OF OCCUPATION IN PROPER MARTIAL STYLE

3.—AFTER THE LANDING. BRITISH TROOPS SAFELY HOUSED IN ONE OF THEIR BILLETS—THE WAREHOUSE OF A BIG STORE IN THE CAPITAL

6.—PLENTIFUL SUPPLIES AND MILITARY STORES LANDED ON THE QUAYSIDE FROM THE BIG SHIPS WHICH ACCOMPANIED THE FORCE OF OCCUPATION

BRITISH TROOPS in ICELAND for THE FIRST TIME in HISTORY

The Story of the Occupation Told in Full (with Exclusive Pictures)

ON a fine Friday afternoon in May, a British unit in camp in Surrey suddenly received orders that it was under two hours' notice to leave for a port of embarkation for active service abroad. Conferences were summoned, administrative arrangements for stores, rations, arms and ammunition were set in train and all men recalled from leave. The camp was in a high state of excitement and tension.

Early in the afternoon of the Monday, the unit was paraded for the march down to the station. It was told that it was bound for service to a part of the world that had never previously seen British troops; the honour of the British Empire, the men were told, depended upon their conduct towards the native population.

Two days later they were on the high seas, steaming north in a convoy of warships. The adventure had begun. And the destination was Iceland.

Plans were discussed, parts allotted, and an operation order drawn up, the first operation order in the history of that particular unit. This order stated the available information from Intelligence experts about the strength of the enemy, the intentions of the unit, the occupation of certain parts of Iceland and the method by which they would be secured, and the forces composing the various landing parties, as well as innumerable administrative details, provisions, water, accommodation, prisoners, intercommunications, transport. All the details so essential to the smooth working of an operation of war. Finally, zero hour, the time at which the first flight would touch the shores of Iceland, was fixed.

Everything was now ready, down to the last essential detail. They turned in early, their arms and equipment beside them, for to-morrow at five o'clock in the morning they were to set foot in Iceland. As the men slept for a few brief hours in their quarters in the warships the staff worked on through the night, the commanding officer discussing with his subordinate commanders every detail of his plan, so that each commander knew exactly the task allotted to him. At four o'clock the "fall in" sounded and the men made their way on deck and fell in with their various units. It was a grey day, already light, as it is at that hour in northern latitudes in the summer, but cold. Suddenly to the west, as the clouds rolled away, appeared a huge snow-covered mountain falling sheer down to the sea. This was Iceland. But a moment later all eyes were turned away from this sight, for there before them, its buildings and the masts of its ships just visible, but its lights gaily twinkling in the grey dawn, was Reykjavik, where they were to land. The foremost warship hove to and a destroyer drew alongside; in this the men were to embark for the actual landing. As they began to move down the companion way a blinding snow-storm swept down from the mountains beyond Reykjavik, blotting out the view.

A small motor boat came chugging out from the harbour, a man standing in the stern. Someone waved to him, he waved back and the little motor boat chugged its way back to the harbour.

The first force to land were men on board the destroyer, and it slid quietly away from the larger warship's side towards the inner harbour. On the quay were a dozen men, standing there with their hands in

The OCCUPATION of ICELAND: HOW IT WAS CARRIED OUT—A First Series of Pictures

7.—A BRITISH OFFICER, ATTENDED BY HIS ADJUTANT, MAKES HIS DISPOSITIONS. NOTE THE ROW OF BARRELS, PRESUMABLY OF VALUABLE OIL!

8.—AN OFFICER SEARCHES A SUSPECT: PART OF THE ROUND-UP WHICH ENSUED AS SOON AS THE BRITISH FORCES LANDED

9.—IN THE GERMAN CONSULATE—A BRITISH OFFICER GOES THROUGH THE GERMAN RECORDS IN FRONT OF A BUST OF HITLER

10.—BRITISH PICKETS ON GUARD IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS

11.—CHECKING OVER STORES OF OIL ON THE QUAYSIDE AT REYKJAVIK

12.—THE POST OFFICE IS TAKEN OVER AND A BRITISH SENTRY IS POSTED

13.—OFFICERS MAKE A ROUND OF THE TOWN LOOKING FOR SUSPECTS

14.—KEEPING THE CHILDREN CHEERFUL—BRITISH SOLDIERS, IN TRADITIONAL FASHION, CHUM UP WITH SOME OF THE ICELANDIC BOYS AND GIRLS

their pockets, just as if they were on a railway platform waiting for a train, and others walking past the warehouses on their way to work stopped suddenly as they saw the approaching destroyer and ran hurriedly down to the quay; others came running from behind the warehouses, until a group of between thirty and forty had collected. Just behind them significantly stood a number of taxis and buses, their drivers standing by them. Several people in the group waved. The moment the ship drew alongside, an officer jumped ashore and ran towards the group. A man stepped forward and shook hands with the officer; he was the British Consul.

Within twenty minutes everyone was ashore from the destroyer, the taxis and buses loaded with troops had rushed away to various parts of the town, to the German Consulate, to hotels where Germans were known to be living, to the post office, to the wireless transmitter, and to positions on the roads leading into the town.

Later in the morning the remainder of the troops were landed and were taken by bus and lorry to outpost positions in various parts of the island. Throughout the day, stores, guns, ammunition, rations were unloaded and dispersed against air bombing. The inhabitants were greatly excited by this sudden arrival of the British troops. Not for 130 years, since 1809, had soldiers been seen in Iceland, for there is no Iceland army or navy. But as soon as Denmark was invaded foreign troops were expected to appear, and the Icelanders wondered whether the Germans or British would be the first to arrive. Although naturally they would have preferred to remain as they were, it did seem that they preferred a British occupation to a German one. And the Prime Minister of Iceland was able to reassure the people as to the British intentions in a broadcast.

In the days that followed, the British troops settled themselves in and fortified their positions against a possible German invasion. And many Germans, several of whom were Nazi agents, were taken prisoner and kept under guard. The immediate object had been achieved. Iceland was occupied and protected against German invasion.

Canadian troops are now announced to have landed in Iceland and to have occupied the island, to guard against invasion by Germany.

BRITAIN—A Country United

Now That the Enemy is at the Threshold, This is What the Nation is Doing to Counter Any Probable Attacks

By NOEL THOMPSON

JUNE, 1940, will be remembered for many things, and not least as the time when a nation realised that while it is easy to say glibly "An Englishman's home is his castle," a time had arrived when it was necessary to look urgently at the defences of the castle. I cannot trace who first introduced the word "Englishman" into the phrase, but at the end of the sixteenth century Sir Edward Coke said, "For a man's house is his castle and" (quoting from a book on Roman law) "his home his safest refuge." How astonishingly apt now is another remark of his, "The house of everyone is to him as his castle and fortress, *as well for his defence against injury and violence, as for his repose.*"

June has seen Britain at the zenith of her effort to turn the island into a fortress. In these days when history trips over itself in its hurry to be born, a week marks an epoch, a month an æon. To jog memories blurred by the speed of events, here is a by no means complete list of steps taken in the past thirty-odd days to turn a green and pleasant land into a prepared fortress:—

A vast strengthening of coastal and inland defences, together with the greatest number of men under arms ever in this country; the greatest speed up in supply and industry ever known; huge areas protected and banned to aliens; factories guarded by troops and their own armed bands; organisation of parashots and mobile troops in full swing, with strong posts established; evacuation of children, soon I hope to be made compulsory, from coastal districts; voluntary formation for the compulsory evacuation of unnecessary population from coastal danger areas.

These, then, are some of the things leading us towards what Sir Nevile Henderson appealed for in a recent speech, "organisation on a professional basis." And if you say it should all have been done before, I have no reply.

From my list I have left out our first and permanent bulwark, the Navy, without which we should be an isolated fortress, and which, as Mr. Churchill pointed out, is better able than ever to defend us, and the horde of small coastal craft and launches now on duty. I have not added the Royal Air Force, now concentrated in full and more dangerous force on home aerodromes. Nothing I can say can add to the trust we can safely put in them.

But I have been delving into some of the items on my list above, and while security rightly forbids too many details, there is enough to paint isolated fragments which can be pieced together to give a picture of Britain, for the first time in her history, as a united fortress.

Were motoring or travelling on a peace-time basis, the public would be amazed at the changes to be seen within comparatively few miles of their homes. The check barriers on main roads are familiar; barbed-wire emplacements you might expect, but the machine-guns concealed, the light artillery suspected, the hidden strong points which have suddenly sprung up, would come as a welcome and numerous surprise, and so would the encampments where glimpses of khaki can be caught. Everyone within 10 miles may know, but few outside, which is why careless talk, into which category comes the irresponsible burblings of vicars in church magazines, must be stopped. It is quite definitely known that the Germans do acquire hundreds of church magazines a week and study them.

Some seaside resorts are quite unrecognisable—they are the outer wall of the fortress.

There are now more than 1,250,000 fully equipped soldiers to defend this country, including most of our best and most experienced. How about supplies? The greatest speed-up ever known has been described by Mr. Herbert Morrison as, in places, dramatic. Figures are no longer available, but hours may tell a tale of awakening. One factory had been working for nearly 24 hours a day in 12-hour shifts for 6 days a week. For a month now it has been working the same shifts for 7 days a week, and no complaints.

Another instance is of a large gang of men who volunteered to get an urgent job done in the shortest possible time. They worked a 36-hour shift without a break.

These instances are typical of what June has seen achieved in industry. And what has been the result on health?

From factories in the north come reports of less than 1 per cent. loss of time. No time wasted, no mornings off because men had been "on the beer" the night before, and the amount of sickness is down to practically nil.

As for the parashots, they have been laughed at. In big towns there have been delays in organisation, but quietly 500,000 volunteers have gone to work in patrols through the night, keeping a dull but essential watch in country districts as their elder brothers, the Observer Corps, have been doing for twelve months. It is no fun to get out of bed at 2 a.m. and walk the countryside for four hours. Their value has yet to be proved, but the parashots are there to prove it, scoff as people may.

Dozens of factories are now training their own workers in military discipline and warfare. In their spare time men are learning rifle drill not only in case they are called up but to defend their own works if necessary. It is no longer a question, as in the Napoleonic invasion scare, of "the squire, some other gentleman, or one of the more gentlemanly farmers or residents" taking charge. Throughout Britain the training goes on voluntarily until the country takes control.

I have been talking to yet more officers and men who fought in Flanders and more recently in France. All of them state that refugees were the greatest menace and hindrance, which is why I welcome the expectation of the Government announcement of compulsory evacuation plans. In their numbers in France they concealed scores of Fifth Columnists, or maybe disguised paratroopers. Transport was completely disorganised and the Germans took full advantage. An officer in the Royal Artillery said: "Until I know definitely that we are prepared to evacuate any area at once, I shall consider it the gravest flaw in our defences. Their very numbers and helplessness make refugees an impossible obstacle to defenders and I do not blame the Germans for taking advantage of it." They may undo all the other good work.

As in any fortress, traitors within the gates can do more damage than 1,000 enemy attackers, and many people doubt whether we have been strict enough in rounding up aliens. I suspect that many more men, and not necessarily aliens, will soon disappear for the duration. I received information this week about a middle-aged man who was "collected" in Essex. He had, apparently, a blameless reputation, and protested his innocence. It was only when the police produced their dossier of evidence, collected by observation over months, that he collapsed. He never even knew that he had been suspected.

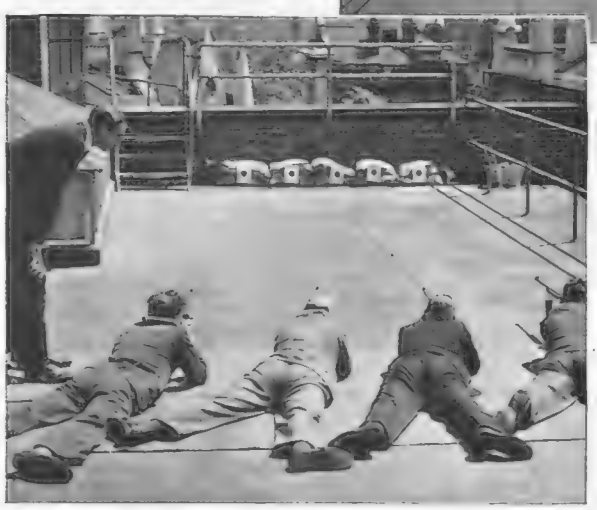
As for food, most of the vast stores built up in the early days of the war have been untouched. Officially it is stated that there should be very little reduction in our present rations, which do not cause much inconvenience, should an invasion be attempted.

Is Britain then, in truth, now a fortress? No one can say for certain, since surprise has captured many an impregnable point, and we must expect surprises. But June has seen us prepared materially and awakened mentally. The morale is high, and it was our most recent bogy man, Napoleon, who said "Morale is to the material as ten to one."

LORD DERBY AT LIVERPOOL watches members of the University O.T.C. undergoing a course of musketry

LIVERPOOL STUDENTS receiving instruction on Bren gun firing preparatory to joining the forces

THE LUNCH-HOUR BRIGADE: 400 city workers from London banks, offices and factories have registered for musketry instruction at the Cripplegate Institute



RIFLE PRACTICE ON THE ROOF-TOPS: Over 300 men from one firm alone are now learning to use a rifle on the roof-top of their City office building

O.T.C.s TEACH L.D.V.s: O.T.C. students of a Berkshire college and their masters are to give instruction to Local Defence Volunteers. A sergeant-major is seen giving the masters a refresher course on a miniature range

THE NEW CHIEF OF THE L.D.V.: Lieut.-General H. R. Pownall, formerly Lord Gort's Chief of Staff, has been appointed Inspector-General of the Local Defence Volunteers. This is a new post necessitated by the growing importance of volunteers in the country's defence

COASTAL COMMAND . . .

THE R.A.F. PILOT TAKES A FINAL LOOK-ROUND FROM THE COCKPIT AS HE REVS. UP HIS ENGINES FOR THE TAKE-OFF: This patrol took the Lockheed Hudson aircraft of the Coastal Command over Borkum, Heligoland, and the Danish coast. No enemy activities in these quarters are allowed to go unobserved

FROM THE OPERATIONS ROOM THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF "A" FLIGHT WATCHES HIS MEN TAKE OFF FOR THE BIGHT OF HELIGOLAND

A Story of the Never-Ceasing Patrols of the British Shores

THE pictures reproduced on this and the following pages were taken by an Air Ministry official photographer. They tell the story of a formation of American-built Lockheed Hudson aircraft of the R.A.F. Coastal Command carrying out an action patrol near Borkum Heligoland, and the Danish coast. One of them is the first picture to be released taken whilst under fire from German "Flak" (anti-aircraft) ships.

The five Hudsons took off from an English aerodrome to locate and report on the movements of German warships in the Heligoland Bight area. The unfavourable weather conditions forced the aircraft (land-planes, let it be noted—not sea-planes!) to fly at only 200 ft. above

(Continued on following page)

On right—THE CREW OF ONE OF THE HUDSONS IN THE PATROL: They are, from left to right, the Navigator, Pilot, Wireless Operator, and Rear Gunner (with carrier pigeon)

THE WHOLE LENGTH OF ENGLAND'S COAST BEFORE THE PILOT'S EYES: This picture, taken as the Hudsons set out on their patrol, shows the extensive view afforded through the transparent nose. Apart from their offensive and other patrols over enemy territory, the whole of Britain is now being guarded by the vigilance (very largely) of the Coastal Command

THE NAVIGATOR, WHO WORKS ON THE "GROUND FLOOR" IN THE TRANSPARENT NOSE OF THE HUDSON, HANDS UP A NOTE TO THE PILOT ABOVE, GIVING DETAILS OF A CHANGE OF COURSE: On these long-distance patrols co-operation amongst all members of the crew is essential. In the R.A.F., the commanders of aircraft are encouraged to select their own men; and once a "team" is formed the commander fights desperately against any disintegration of it subsequently

(Continued from preceding page)

the water for a large part of the patrol. When near Heligoland, the observer of one machine, peering through the mist, saw a red star-shell burst a short distance ahead of him and located the faint outline of a German ship. The pilot opened the throttles and put his Hudson into a steep climb as anti-aircraft shells burst around the aircraft and tracer bullets flashed past on both sides. The aircraft was soon out of range of the "Flak" ship.

The squadron to which these aircraft belong has flown over 7,500 hours and covered nearly a million miles since the outbreak of the war. Many of the pilots and airmen forming the crews have come from Canada, New Zealand and Australia, as well as from the Motherland.

The Lockheed Hudsons comprising the patrol are twin-engined general reconnaissance bombers. They are a development of the

(Continued on following page)

THE NAVIGATOR "DOWNSTAIRS" SPIES OU binoculars, the navigator, seated right fo takes a look at the Island of Sylt, se

COASTAL COMMAND . . . *(continued)*

Watching the Enemy's Movements in the Bight of Heligoland and in Danish Waters

THE FORMATION SPEED OVER THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE ON THEIR WAY TO THE SEA: Whilst over the land, navigation (even in bad weather) is comparatively simple. Over the sea, however, it becomes far more difficult; and it is then that the navigator has to concentrate more fully on his complicated task

TWO OF THE FORMATION OF FIVE AIRCRAFT FLYING 50 FT. ABOVE THE SEA IN THE AREA OF HELIGOLAND BIGHT: A fine impression of the Lockheed Hudson in the air; note the transparent nose, giving fine all-round vision for the all-important navigator; and the deadly power-driven turret towards the tail—a strong feature of Britain's bombing aeroplanes

ES OUT THE LAND: With his high magnification ght forward in the transparent nose of the aircraft, lt, seven miles away on the starboard bow

THIS PICTURE OF ONE OF THE PATROL OVER THE BIGHT WAS TAKEN WHILST THE AIRCRAFT WAS ACTUALLY UNDER FIRE: Near Heligoland, where mist forced the aircraft to fly at only 200 ft. above the water, the patrol was subjected to heavy anti-aircraft fire which was actually in progress when this picture was taken. The position of the heavily armed turret is again shown in this view—from a different angle—taken from a supporting member of the patrol

COASTAL COMMAND

(Continued)

The Crew Busy in the Wireless Compartment and Elsewhere

(Continued from preceding page)

Lockheed 14, many of which were previously employed on airline work in this country; they are fitted, however, with two of the new and powerful 1,100 h.p. Wright "Cyclone" engines and specialised military equipment—details of which are not permitted by the Censor. Owing to the space available, conditions for the crew of four whilst in flight are very comfortable, as indeed some of our pictures show.

Whilst on patrol the crew work as one—in fact, crews are made up after much trial and error with this object in view. After the pilot, who is also the commanding officer, the work of the navigator is of the utmost importance. And, considering the difficulties of navigation in all and every kind of weather, his task is no easy one.

AFTER THE ENCOUNTER WITH THE ENEMY DEFENCES: The youthful wireless operator reports on the action over the Bight of Heligoland to his home station by radio. This is the kind of work for which adventurous and stout-hearted young men are now being trained in hundreds by the R.A.F.

LOADING THE VEREY LIGHT PISTOL USED FOR SIGNALLING: Inasmuch as the Lockheed Hudson was originally planned as a passenger plane, there is room, and to spare, for all the necessary equipment—and space for the crew to move freely

THE WIRELESS OPERATOR HAS ANOTHER DUTY TO PERFORM: Examining one of the homing pigeons presented by the King; these are used to convey messages in case of a forced landing or breakdown in the wireless

AFTER THE HUDSONS RETURNED SAFELY HOME THE REAR GUNNER FOUND THAT ONE OF THE PIGEONS HAD LAID AN EGG DURING THE PATROL

AS THE FORMATION TURNS FOR HOME THE WIRELESS OPERATOR SIGNALS WITH AN ALDIN LAMP TO THE OTHER AIRCRAFT TO "CLOSE FORMATION." IT WILL BE REALISED THAT THE WIRELESS OPERATOR IS QUITE A USEFUL MEMBER OF THE CREW WITH A VARIETY OF DUTIES TO PERFORM

US ALONE

Our Chances in the Air in a Straight Fight Against Germany

By CHARLES G. GREY
(Founder of *The Aeroplane*)

SO now the British Empire has got to see this war through by itself. And it is going to be a war of the sea and air. We depend on the sea for our lives. In time of peace we might with careful organisation and industrialisation raise our own food—in our careless way we waste enough food in our hedgerows and roadsides to carry more cattle than this country ever fed. But for the armament of our self-defence and for victory in the end, we depend absolutely on seaborne supplies, in spite of the coal and iron deposits of this country.

Happily the Navy of to-day understands, as the Navy of 1914 did not, that sea power cannot exist without air power.

We saw that lamentably proved in Norway, because all the gallantry of the Navy could not save it and the troops ashore from heavy losses, just because we had no Navy fighters to keep the German bombers away. And those German bombers did not need very high-class fighters to get rid of them. When for a while we managed to get a few excellent but obsolescent Gloster Gladiators on to a frozen lake they did great execution on the German bombers until the lake was bombed.

During the last days of Narvik, whatever operations were going on there were made possible because the Navy did manage to operate fighters, presumably from an aircraft carrier, or carriers, which kept the bombers under control until our men had done their job and had been re-embarked. The job, I take it, was that of locating King Haakon and escorting him to a ship.

Then we lost H.M.S. *Glorious* and her two attendant destroyers, not, so far as we have been told, by bombing from the shore, but by ordinary naval action at sea. We have to assume, for lack of better knowledge, that they were sunk by heavily-armed German ships, and not by submarines. These big carriers are very lightly armoured and are not intended to fight ships which carry big guns. They are supposed to have the speed to keep out of range, and to be able to attack with their own aircraft, either torpedo-carriers or bombers, and we can only assume that this time, like her sister ship, the *Courageous*, the *Glorious* was caught napping, after her aircraft had covered the withdrawal of the British forces from Narvik. Our only consolation is the Germans' report that some hundreds of the people on board were saved.

There seems good reason to believe that our later aircraft carriers are less vulnerable.

These carriers are in fact a small part of the Navy. We might do well if we had more of them and smaller and faster ships, which seems to be the current idea of the American Navy. But we have to win this war with what we have got. So let us consider how.

Between them the Royal Air Force and the Fleet Air Arm branch of the Navy have four jobs to do (*a*) to keep enemy aircraft from bombing this country, so that our armament production and other industries may remain effective; (*b*) to bomb the enemy's sources of armament production so hard that his Air Force and Navy become ineffective; (*c*) to ensure the transport to this country of material with which to make our own armament; and (*d*) to assure the transport to this country of enough food to keep His Majesty's Fighting Forces and the civilian population well enough fed to carry the war to a victorious end. Our fighters and coastal patrols have to keep us alive while our bombers win the war. That is the proposition of the future in its simplest terms—and it would be well if everybody understood this clearly.

When you see on the map what a little place Great Britain is and what big places Germany and France are, you begin to think that the whole of England and Scotland could be bombed out of existence while we were only bombing bits of Germany. But, although Germany has a much greater area her armament factories are just as much confined in a small area as are our own. And those areas are no more difficult to find and no more difficult to bomb.

Another important point is that hitherto the work of our Air Force and of the Fleet Air Arm has been almost entirely auxiliary and ancillary to the movements of our Army and the French Army. We have never been able to concentrate on air war as such.

The R.A.F. has bombed roads and harbours and railway junctions in Western Germany, Luxembourg, Belgium, Holland, and Norway, and has bombed aerodromes in all those countries and in Denmark; all efforts to stop the transport of German troops and their supplies against our armies in the field and to hamper them wherever possible.

DON'T FORGET OUR MANY DEFENCE MEASURES AGAINST AERIAL ATTACK! Now that we are fighting this war on our own, whilst realising the seriousness of the struggle which lies ahead, we can nevertheless take heart at the many defensive measures we have at our command. This is one of them—a barrage balloon operated from the deck of a coastal vessel for the greater protection of vital areas around our shores. Britain has not been idle during the past few months: and when the enemy does come in large numbers he will discover quite a number of very nasty "surprises" in store for him—just as, no doubt, we will discover further surprises from him

The R.A.F. has bombed oil depots and munition dumps and other military objectives in Germany, which we hope has decreased the mobility of the German Army and Air Force. Our fighters have attacked and destroyed in disproportionate numbers the German fighters and German bombers.

With unlimited respect for the gallantry of the little ships which brought the B.E.F. off the beaches at Dunkirk, that job could not have been done but for the fact that our short-range high-speed fighters were able to operate from their own aerodromes in England.

The R.A.F. has only lately had to tackle seriously the job of keeping enemy bombers out of England itself. But masses of our fighters also have been engaged in operations in France over the Maginot Line and over the Siegfried positions, shooting down German reconnaissance machines and bombers.

Likewise the Coastal Command of the R.A.F., which was intended for coastal reconnaissance against enemy air or sea craft and for the escort of convoys of food ships, has done all kinds of unorthodox things, such as bombing objectives on the Norwegian, German, Dutch and Belgian and French coasts. It is apparently ready to command any good coast. Happily it has worked in the closest and most friendly co-operation with the Navy. And I may add that the Fleet Air Arm, working from shore bases, has done most valuable work, which may not now be mentioned, in co-operation with the Coastal Command.

All those forces, so far so widely dispersed, will now be concentrated on this little island, for direct offence and defence in air war. By grace of the Air Staff and of the Air Officers Commanding-in-Chief I have been privileged to see a great deal of the Coastal Command and of the Bomber Command just lately, and I can safely say that all ranks of the Royal Air Force are well able to tackle whatever may come to them, and to go wherever they are sent.

There are all kinds of theories about what Germany may try to do to this country. We all know the preparations that have been made to meet enemy parachute troops. And there are theories that parachute troops may be landed in Scotland or the North of England from Junkers air-liners fitted with floats, starting from Norway. The idea presumably is that the parachuted army would draw our troops to the North, and leave the South open for invasion by hordes of troops and tanks brought over from behind the Friesian Islands in flat-bottomed barges. They would be easy enough for our Navy to sink on their way across but for the fleets of torpedo-carrying speed-boats which would escort them.

Similar schemes could be worked if parachute troops managed to capture an East Coast port.

There is a certain grim satisfaction in thinking that for a time at any rate we shall have the British Expeditionary Force in England, freshly and better equipped, ready to meet any such attempt. The success of any such efforts by the enemy depends on first clearing the British Navy off the narrow seas—a job which is somewhat beyond the ability of the German Air Force and Navy combined—and then defeating the British Army at home.

Then there is the theory that parachute troops will be flung at our aerodromes so as to paralyse our fighters while big bombing raids are put upon us. That does not look too good an undertaking, despite the fear such methods seemed to instil in other nations, because the old Junkers troop-carriers would be easy meat even for our advanced training types of aircraft.

Opinion among knowledgeable persons seems to be divided between the prospects of German raids on our industrial areas, particularly those where aircraft are made, and our ports, especially the West Country ports, through which our supplies of material and food get to us.

Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Salmond, when he was Chief of the Air Staff, was credited with the statement that *some* of the bombers will always get through. That is very probable. The job of the R.A.F. is to see that as few as may be get through, and the job of the aircraft industry, now backed by the driving force of Lord Beaverbrook, is to see, now and in the future, that the R.A.F. has enough aeroplanes to stop the raiders from getting through our quite considerable defences.

Since war was declared on September 3 we have made mistakes which have cut down the effectiveness of the R.A.F. to a regrettable extent. This is not the time or place to dig them up and throw them at the politicians and civil servants and R.A.F. officers who are to blame. Many of those persons have been shifted to positions where their inactivity will do no harm. Many of those who have taken their places will be found out in due course. But in spite of all that, we are better able to fight our corner alone to-day than we have ever been.

TANKS MIGHT APPEAR FROM ANYWHERE: One narrative, more detailed than most, describes how a British detachment which was holding a position overlooking a main road, suddenly became aware that a German column was coming down a side road, headed by some big tanks. These were attacked and disabled, the result being that the whole German column of fifty vehicles was blocked in the narrow country road. (*See* note on right)

BRITISH TANKS IN INFANTRY SUPPORT: It was apparently not easy to use the British tanks with the B.E.F. in any massed attack, for it was not long before the necessity for retreat began. Tanks were, however, used in heartening fashion on occasion to support the infantry, as shown in this incident

ENEMY TANKS WOULD DRAW UP IN THE SHADOW OF WOODED COUNTRY: One of the strange features of the tank fighting in France was the manner in which the German heavy weapons appear to have escaped night attack. After the day's advance they would draw into such cover as was available, and the next day one would read the French communiqué, "The attack was resumed at dawn with great ferocity on such and such a front." There were no accounts of night rushes against sleeping tanks. The situation would seem to have been one eminently suitable for surprise

BEFORE

THE second B.E.F. in France had some remarkable experiences with enemy tanks which help in the general building up of the picture which it is necessary to form of the German tank attack methods. How far was it opportunist in seeking any weak spot in its opponent's armour? Here is an account of the experiences of a British platoon which encountered tanks in an unexpected fashion. The platoon was guarding the approach to a certain bridge, in company with a French lieutenant who was in command of three anti-tank guns carefully concealed.

"About 3 a.m. when there was just the faintest grey in the sky - a light German tank came down the road. An anti-tank gun opened fire and it swerved round and rushed up the hill.

"Not long after we heard the dull rumble of a column of traffic coming down the hill on a small by-road partly hidden by trees. Suddenly, three tanks rolled into view out of the trees, followed by a stream of vehicles.

"We could not tell in the dim light whether they were French or German. We held our fire. Then the three leading tanks, a light reconnaissance tank and two medium tanks about 35 tons came well into view.

"The turrets of the tanks were open, and standing in them were men with German steel helmets.

"The French lieutenant opened fire and knocked out two medium tanks. These blocked the road for the long column of vehicles, at least fifty in number, coming down the road closely packed.

"Every single man in the column jumped out of his vehicle and dashed up the hill."

For 2½ hours this action continued, when the commander, unable to get reinforcements of any kind, decided to effect a retirement which he carried out successfully.

It would appear from this narrative that the enemy tanks in "fanning out" on the French countryside used any roads which were available. And in France the evidence available shows that roads were preferred to attempts to pass over fields and

THE COLLAPSE IN FRANCE: Experiences of the Second B.E.F. which Throw New Light on the German Tactics

ditches. "Tanks can go anywhere" is the usual assumption, but in France they preferred roads and, as a general rule, kept to them.

The B.E.F. had to use their light tanks as infantry supports, not as charging cavalry, for too often, although the British force was well able to account for the enemy immediately in front of it, orders compelled a retreat. There were occasions, however, in which the light tanks were able to assist the B.E.F. infantry in heartening fashion.

The rearguard force at the side of a wood was repelling heavy German pressure when from the side of another wood separated by a wide open space came charging a body of British tanks. Into the line came the tanks with a rattle of effective fire, enabling the rearguard to beat off the attack.

ATTACKING A GERMAN PONTOON FROM A U.S. PLANE: In the middle stages of the battle across France, the French Air Force was able to put into use a number of Martin bombers. These proved very effective weapons and were frequently able to upset the German pontoon builder's work. The enemy employed everywhere his rubber boats. When inflated they have great buoyancy powers, enabling a bridge to be constructed which carries tanks and lorries. Their use on a flooded stream might prove difficult

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE ENEMY USE OF RUBBER BOATS: Where bridge building was not possible owing to the width of the river and the strength of the current, individual boats were employed as ferries. A big bridge shown in the background had been effectively demolished by the defenders and this was the only means of transporting the German infantry

COMPLETING A CAR-CARRYING BRIDGE: This photograph, emanating from enemy sources, shows the constructional methods employed in building up one of the types of pontoon bridge constructed by the enemy in Holland, Belgium and France. Special girdering was carried with the rubber boats

THE PASSAGE OF THE SEINE BY SECTIONS OF THE SECOND B.E.F. IN FRANCE: The vicissitudes of the second B.E.F. can only be gradually pieced together by studying the occasional communications of "Eye-witness," a famous pseudonym which reappeared about this time. Where this official recorder sat, pad on knee, to pen these messages can only be guessed. For a few minutes he turned a spotlight upon the Seine, and it was possible to see large companies of our men crossing the river from north to south under difficult conditions. They had worked their way down to the northern shore about the time when the German thrust to Evreux was taking place. Any sort of boat which could be found was used. A piece of plank frequently had to serve as an oar

THE MOST POIGNANT MOMENT OF THE DAY—

Bombing raids are being carried out day and night by aeroplanes of the Bomber Command. Enemy storage depots, troop concentrations, lines of communication, and other military objectives are being bombed without cessation, and large numbers of aircraft are being employed on these tasks. Opposition—and strong opposition—is

THE JUNKERS JU 52: THE MOST IMPORTANT GERMAN TROOP-CARRIER, AND THE ONE NORMALLY USED BY THE ENEMY FOR DROPPING HIS PARACHUTE TROOPS

On left—
This is the plane that has largely been employed in dropping German parachute troops. It is a colossal machine, with a wing span of 96 ft. and a length of 62 ft. Its principal characteristics are as follows: three engines; low wing; single square-cut rudder; sharply tapered wings; square-cut wing-tips and tail plane; fixed under-carriage.

This aeroplane will, if spotted, be found to be travelling much slower than British bombers, its cruising speed being in the neighbourhood of 160-170 m.p.h. Its unretracted under-carriage should make it a very prominent object in these days of high speed, streamlined aircraft

THE JUNKERS JU 90: AND ITS FEATURES
A span of 115 ft. and a length of 86 ft. It has four engines; low wing; two rudders; tapered wings; leading edge of wing has very pronounced "sweep back"; square cut wing tips and tail plane; retractable under-carriage

NOTE—

The War Office has asked us to publish these pictures of German troop-carriers to help you distinguish the enemy should he attempt landings on these shores. The pictures are intended to

E END OF THE RAID: WAITING FOR THE REST OF THE FLIGHT TO RETURN

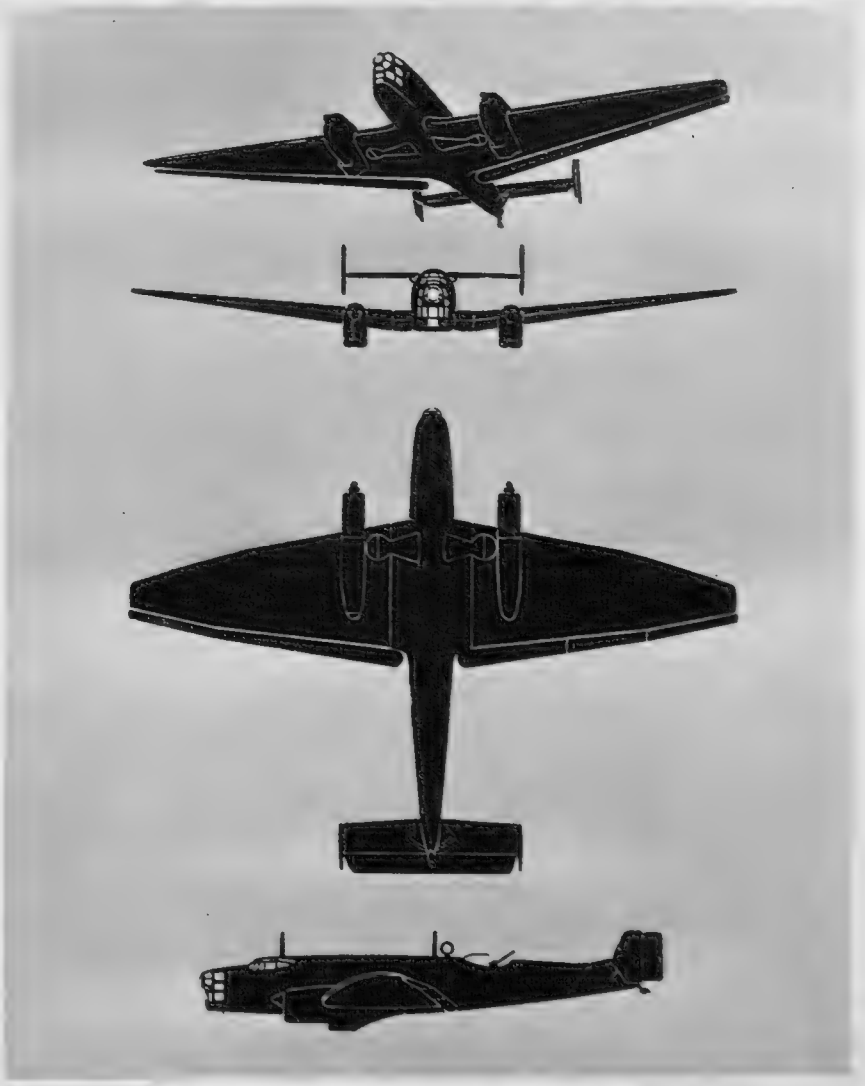
Being offered by the enemy, by fighter aircraft, anti-aircraft guns, and other means. Often, a number of our aeroplanes fail to return. At the end of the raid comes the most poignant moment of the day—as each plane drops down to friendly earth the pilots and crews stand by silently, waiting . . . until the full tally is made up. Or——

HE FOCKE-WULF 200 "CONDOR"

Span 108 ft. and length 78 ft. This has four engines; single rudder; rounded wing tips and tail plane; low and tapered wing; retractable under-carriage; smooth streamlined fuselage

On right—
The Ju 86 has a wing span of 73 ft. and a length of 57 ft. Its distinctive features are as follows: Two engines; low wing; two square-cut rudders; sharply tapered wings; square-cut wing-tips and tail plane; retractable under-carriage. For a troop carrier this is quite a fast aeroplane, its speed being nearly 200 m.p.h. In this case, however, the curious shape of the trailing edge should render it a very prominent and easily identifiable object to the observer on the ground

guide Local Defence Volunteers and members of the public. Take a piece of cardboard and stick all four pictures side by side, and hang them in a prominent place for easy reference.



THE JUNKERS JU 86: ALL THESE PICTURES WERE TAKEN FROM DIFFERENT ANGLES SO THAT THE PLANE CAN BE THE MORE EASILY IDENTIFIED

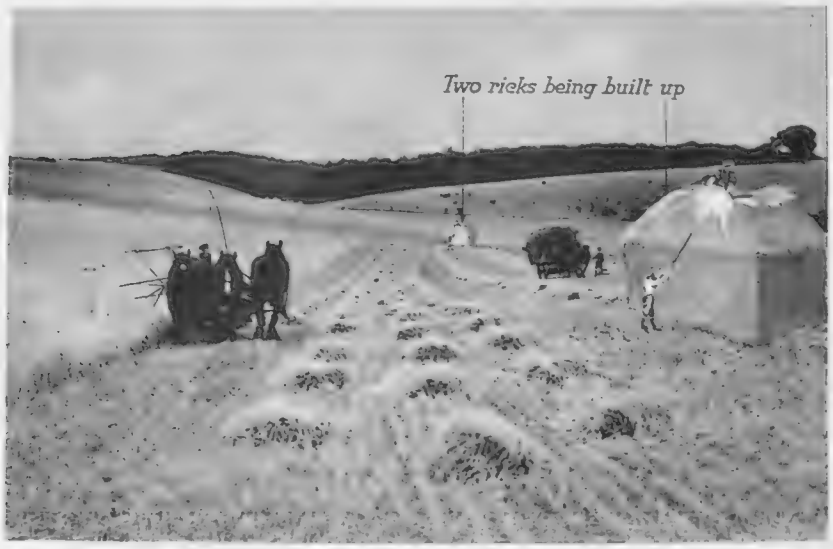
To Stop Troop-Carrying Planes

How Farmers Can Help in a Variety of Ways

HURDLES PLACED ACROSS A FIELD: Though to the layman this obstruction might seem too slight, it would yet be effective in upsetting a big troop-carrier. Here it could be placed across the field without interfering with the crops, the idea of these agricultural impediments being that they should not interfere with production

CONSTANT WATCH IS THE BEST FACTOR FOR SUCCESS in the task of guarding the countryside against air invasion

Farmers are being advised, it was stated last week, by officers of local commands on the best measures for preventing enemy aircraft from landing on large fields. Troop-carrying machines require considerable space, even if the pilot is prepared to crash into a hedge or bank. As a rough guide, all flat fields with a length of 300 yards or over should be regarded as possible landing grounds.



CORNSTACKS OR HAYRICKS IN THE MIDDLE OF FIELDS are useful adjuncts to the general protection against the landing of troop-carrying planes. One would not be sufficient, but intervening spaces could be reinforced with carts or farm implements not required at a particular season

CARTS AND FARM IMPLEMENTS CAN MAKE A USEFUL OBSTACLE and render a field dangerous and impossible for the oncoming plane. Any irregularity may be fatal to a successful landing. Manure heaps would be useful. The farmer is not asked to cut trenches or otherwise spoil production

SOME GROUND LOOKS AFTER ITSELF: Here is a wide stretch of common land with no trees or tall obstacles, except along its edge, but it is a mass of bunchy gorse bushes, tough enough to throw over any plane which attempted a landing. There are fortunately a good many areas with natural obstructions like this

SOME SPOTS ARE FULL OF NATURAL HAZARDS: Here at first glance from high above is a green level space, but it is really full of dangerous hazards, sudden drops in level which would wreck a plane attempting to land. *Below*—Stakes set firmly in the ground at intervals would also be likely to crash a plane

A MOMENTOUS WEEK: The Failure of France Leads to a Dire Treaty With the Enemy

June 16, Sunday.—The French Cabinet at Bordeaux was believed to be considering whether the French armies could continue the struggle against Germany, though a categorical denial had been issued the day before to the rumour that France was contemplating a separate peace. It was confidently asserted in London that France and Britain were pledged to each other to continue the war to the end. A message from President Roosevelt, promising all possible help with munitions, and a message from Mr. Churchill were received by M. Reynaud's Government. Mr Churchill had offered a constitutional union between Britain and France, with a common citizenship for the peoples of the two countries. Late in the evening it was learnt that M. Reynaud had resigned and the aged Marshal Pétain had become Prime Minister. It was subsequently known that Mr. Churchill's proposal was rejected by 73 to 10.

June 17, Monday.—At midday Marshal Pétain announced that his first act as the head of the French Government had been to ask for an armistice. "It is with broken heart that I tell you to-day that fighting must cease. I addressed myself last night to the enemy to ask him if he is prepared to seek with me, as between soldiers after an honourable fight, the means of putting an end to hostilities." The French official war communiqué stated that fighting was still continuing, that the enemy had entered Dijon, but the Army of the Alps was intact. Mr. Churchill broadcast, "What has happened in France makes no difference to British faith and purpose." Gestapo men arrived in Paris and a new law, the Lex Paris, signed by Göring, has been proclaimed.

June 18, Tuesday.—Hitler and Mussolini met at Munich and finally agreed on the terms to be demanded from France. M. Baudouin, the new French Foreign Minister, broadcast from Bordeaux: "We are ready to lay down our arms if we can get an honourable peace." Mr. Churchill broadcast (after his speech to the House of Commons) an inspiring speech declaring his confidence that the Navy is able to prevent any large invasion by sea, and that there are 1,250,000 British soldiers ready to resist any attack. "I expect that the Battle of Britain is about to begin. Upon this battle depends the survival of Christian civilisation. If we can stand up to the enemy, all Europe may be free, and the life of the world may move forward into broad sunlit uplands . . . ***Let us therefore address ourselves to our duty, so bear ourselves that if the British Commonwealth and Empire lasts for a thousand years, men will still say, 'This was their finest hour . . .'***"

June 19, Wednesday.—The French Government appointed two plenipotentiaries to meet representatives of Germany and Italy to learn terms for an armistice. Fighting continued in France and the Pétain Government still asserted their determination to fight on rather than accept dishonourable terms. A broadcast address repeated "We are capitulating with honour, but if it is sought to impose upon France conditions incompatible with that honour, she will continue the struggle with her Allies."

June 20, Thursday.—The French plenipotentiaries, among whom was Admiral Abrial (famous as the commander at Dunkirk during the withdrawal) met the German representatives, but no information was obtainable of the terms. Large contingents of the Australian Imperial Force and of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force disembarked at a British port.

June 21, Friday.—Hitler arranged a dramatic setting for the stating of the armistice terms—in the same railway carriage in the woods of Compiègne where Foch had dictated the armistice terms of 1918. Terms offered were not published but the two main points were the cessation of hostilities and safeguards for Germany to continue war against Britain. The French army in the Vosges was still fighting vigorously.

June 22, Saturday.—The French Government accepted Hitler's terms and signed the armistice agreement. Hostilities were to be continued till terms had been agreed upon with Italy. French delegates left by air for Rome. Council of Ministers at Bordeaux were divided, some wanting to withdraw to North Africa, and so enable the Navy and Air Force to continue resistance.

June 23, Sunday.—The armistice terms agreed to by France were announced in the evening broadcast here; exact complete capitulation by France. The Pétain Government agreed to hand over the French fleet, all armed forces, stocks and materials. The larger part of France, including the ports on the western coast, are placed at the disposal of Germany for the prosecution of war against Britain. The French Government remains utterly dependent upon Germany. Mr. Churchill issued a statement—"His Majesty's Government have heard with grief and amazement that the terms dictated by the Germans have been accepted by the French Government." General de Gaulle broadcast from London that a provisional French Government will be formed in agreement with the British Government to continue the war. The French Colonial Empire has decided to continue the war—Syria, Indo-China, Tunis, Morocco, Senegal have all announced their determination to fight on.

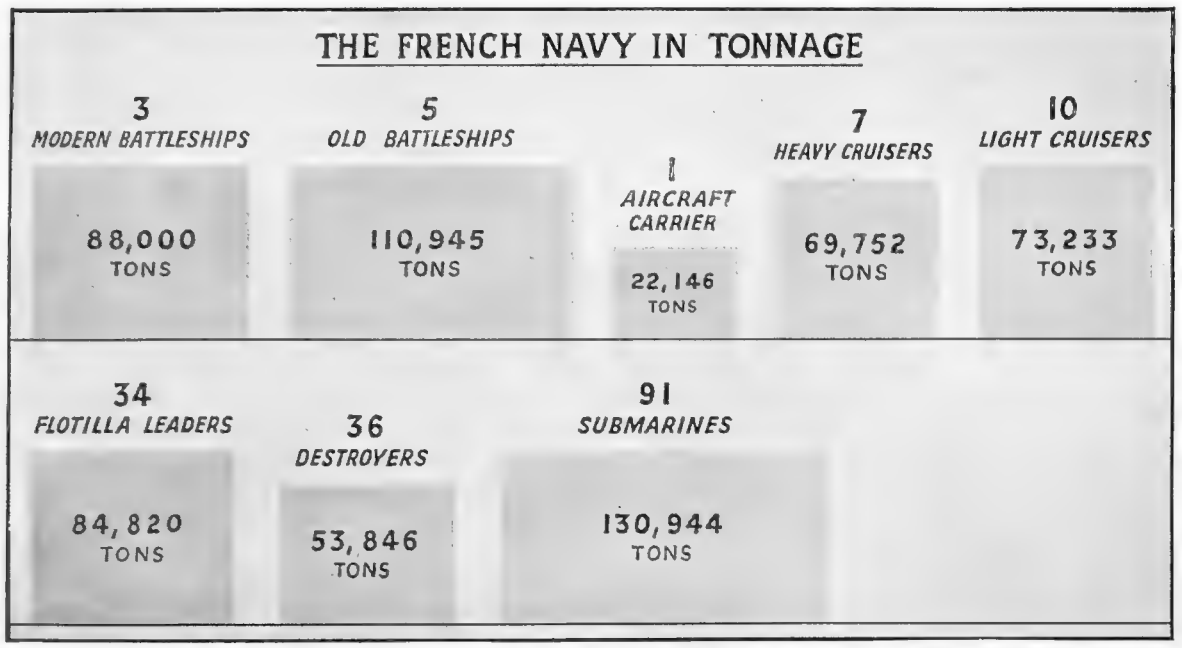
FRANCE: The France which desires to fight on with Britain against Nazi domination is represented in this country by General de Gaulle, who was M. Reynaud's chief assistant at the Ministry of National Defence. He was the persistent advocate of the heavy tank

NORWAY: Another fighting nation, the Kingdom of Norway, is also represented in this country in the person of the King himself. On Sunday, with Crown Prince Olaf, he attended divine service at the Norwegian Church at Rotherhithe

BELGIUM: The Belgian nation also fights on by the side of Great Britain and the Empire. The only Belgian Cabinet Minister yet to reach this country is M. Marcel Henri Jaspar who is seen above. He broadcast an appeal to his countrymen last week

POLAND: The Polish Government which has been functioning at Angers in France with territorial distinctions similar to those of an Embassy, moved to England last week. Here M. Raczkiewicz, Polish President, is seen being welcomed by the King

AT COMPIÈGNE: At 5.50 p.m. on Saturday, the Germans staged a characteristic scene in the historic railway carriage in the Forest of Compiègne where the Armistice was signed with the Germans on November 11, 1918. Near the railway line there was still to be seen the memorial stone by the sculptor Mages which recorded the victory of the free peoples over "the criminal pride of the German Empire"



THE FRENCH NAVY EXPRESSED IN TONNAGE: The blocks represent the tonnage in each category, irrespective of any new vessels which may have been finished recently, but of which no official information has been received. The submarine item is by far the largest

The graphic view of the French Navy given above will enable the reader to see at a glance the composition of the French Navy as regards types of vessels. These figures represent all vessels definitely announced as completed but do not include those which may have been completed since the outbreak of war, of which the details have been confidential.

Modern Battleships: (3) 88,000 tons standard displacement; 8 15-in., 16 13-in. guns; 30 knots.

Old Battleships: (5) 110,945 tons standard displacement; 28 13·4-in., 24 12-in. guns; 16–21½ knots.

Aircraft Carriers: (1) 22,146 tons standard displacement; 8 6·1-in. guns: 21½ knots.

Heavy Cruisers: (7) 69,752 tons standard displacement; 56 8-in. guns; 31–33 knots.

Light Cruisers: (10) 73,233 tons standard displacement; 87 6-in. and 6·1-in. guns; 31–34 knots.

Flotilla Leaders: (34) 84,820 tons standard displacement; 188 5·5-in. and 5·1-in. guns; 36–38 knots.

Destroyers: (36) 53,846 tons standard displacement; 168 5·1-in. guns; 34–37 knots.

Submarines: (91) 130,944 tons displacement submerged.

Also minelayers, torpedo boats, avisos (sloops, escort vessels, and dispatch vessels, and various minor craft).

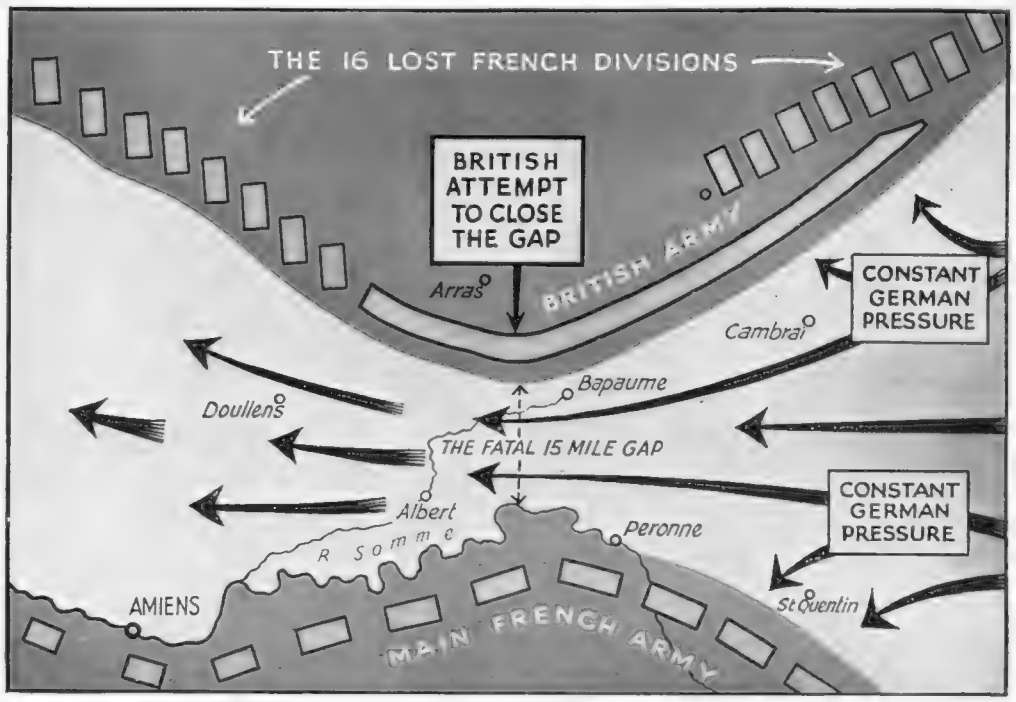
FRANCE'S FAILURE

A Look Back and a Look Forward

Another year! Another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And we are left, or shall be left, alone.
The last that dare to struggle with the foe.
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought,
That by our own right hands it must be wrought;
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!

Wordsworth

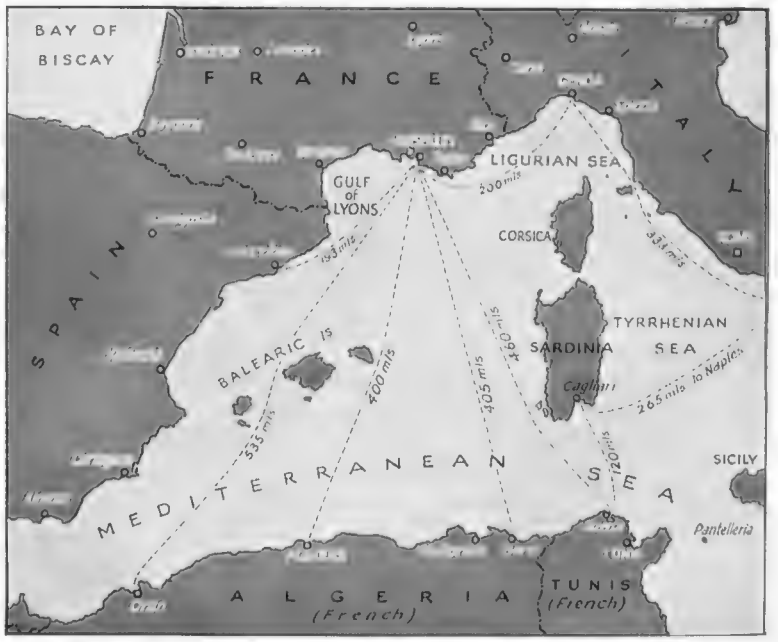
From verses written by the poet when Napoleon was overthrowing the last resistance of the Allies on the continent of Europe. British isolation was more intense than it is to-day. There were then no Dominions standing side by side with Britain.



THE LOSS OF THE SIXTEEN FRENCH DIVISIONS AT THE FATAL GAP

Mr. Churchill, in his address to the House of Commons last week, said:—"I spoke the other day of the colossal military disaster which occurred when the French High Command failed to withdraw the Northern Armies from Belgium at the moment when they knew that the French Front was decisively broken at Sedan and on the Meuse. This delay entailed the loss of fifteen or sixteen French Divisions and threatened the whole of the British Expeditionary Force. Our Army and 120,000 French troops were, indeed, rescued by the British Navy from Dunkirk, but only with the loss of all their cannon, vehicles, and modern equipment. This loss inevitably took some weeks to repair, and in the first two of those weeks the battle in France has been lost. . . ."

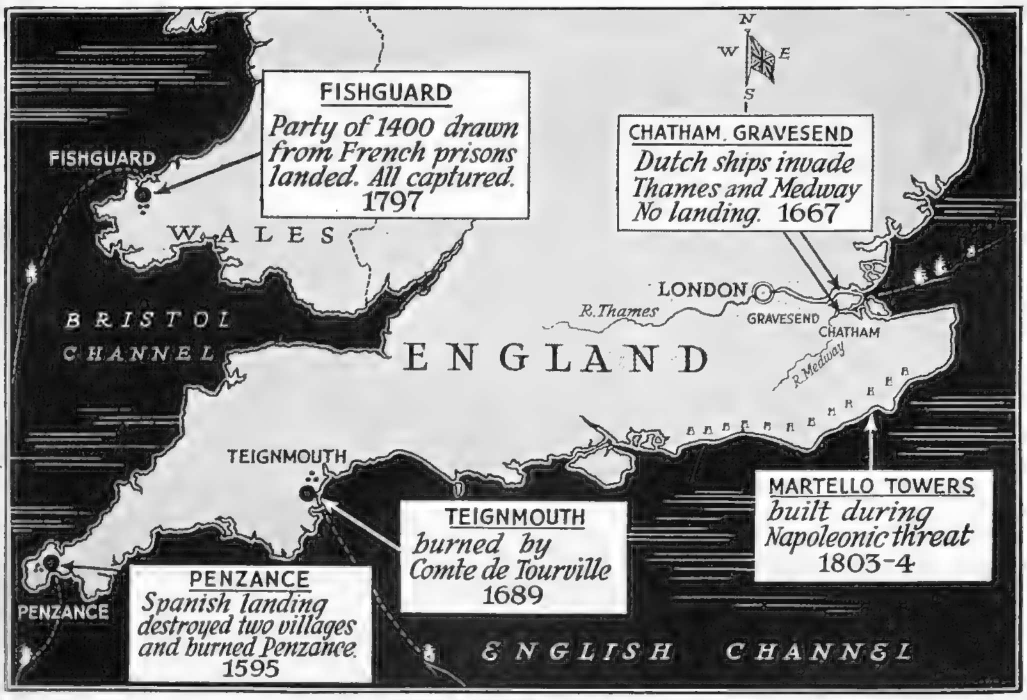
THE DISMEMBERMENT OF FRANCE BY THE TERMS OF THE ARMISTICE WITH GERMANY—JUNE 24: The terms stated that for the security of German interests, territory north and west of the following line was to be occupied: Geneva-Dole, Chalons-sur-Saone, Paray le Monial, Moulins, Bourges, Vierzon, thence to 20 kilometres east of Tours, thence south parallel to Angoulême railway to Mont de Marsan and St. Jean Pied de Port. The areas not yet occupied in this territory were to be occupied immediately on conclusion of the present convention. All ports, permanent fortifications, and naval building yards were to be left in their present state and not destroyed or damaged. The same was to apply to all means of communication, particularly railways, roads, canals, telephones, telegraphs, and coast lights



THE POSITION OF FRANCE'S AFRICAN POSSESSIONS: After the signing of the armistice terms on June 23 by France, it was announced that her overseas empire was showing a more robust temper and was expressing a determination to carry on the struggle alongside its ally, Britain. Although Tunis and Morocco thus proclaimed their resistance to surrender, no mention was made of Algeria, which has for a long time been regarded not as a colony, but as a part of the French Republic

INVASIONS of ENGLAND

Only Small and Quickly Suppressed Landings have Taken Place—None Successful Since 1066



THREE SMALL AND UNSUCCESSFUL LANDINGS HAVE TAKEN PLACE SINCE ELIZABETH'S DAY: The actual points of landing are indicated by black circles. All were of brief duration. At Chatham, though the Dutch Navy came up the Medway and seized a fine vessel, they did not land

TO RESIST NAPOLEON'S THREATENED ATTACK MARTELLO TOWERS WERE BUILT: This tower, built solidly of brick, had a short life, for in 1806 it was struck by lightning and has so remained

THOUGH England has not been successfully invaded since 1066, it has been the constant ambition of succeeding Great Powers in Europe to cross the protective moat and bring the island kingdom to her knees, and at times England has been thoroughly aroused from her sense of insular security.

When the most serious of all, the Great Armada of 1588, had been overcome, England thought herself once more inviolable, but she had not reckoned with the tenacity of purpose of that grim monarch, Philip II of Spain. He patiently gathered another fleet, of sufficient quality to drive off a British squadron at the Azores in 1591, the occasion when the *Revenge* won its immortal glory.

Having seized Brittany from the French, the Spaniards had a striking ground for attack upon the hated islanders. Galleys and troops were collected there, forming a menace which moved Queen Elizabeth to action and the recall of Drake to form a fleet. While this was in operation a raid by the Spaniards made a landing in Mount's Bay, one misty July morning in 1595. About 600 men were landed, who had the glory of burning the fishing villages of Mousehole and Newlyn before marching to Penzance. There was no opposition, and Penzance also was burned, but the news that Drake was near at hand sent the Spaniards back to their galleys, and the raiding force returned to Brittany. This insult to Britain was all that Philip was able to achieve.

The attack by the Dutch Fleet on the Thames and the Medway in 1667 was scarcely an invasion in the strict meaning of the term, for the fleet carried no landing force. It was largely a reprisal for the destruction of their merchant fleet by Monk, a short time before, a disgrace which had so angered the Dutch that De Ruyter, their famous admiral, barely escaped becoming a victim to the wrath of his own countrymen.

King Charles, after the Great Fire in 1666, was so short of money that it was thought advisable to lay up the Fleet and discharge the men, all thought of further hostilities with the Dutch being considered unlikely now that Peace Commissioners had gone to Breda. However, peace had not been arranged and the Dutch took advantage of the general carelessness to sail right up the Thames as far as Gravesend. Such was the general confusion that no one seemed to be able to get any order carried out or to stir the sluggish officials to offer real resistance to the enemy.

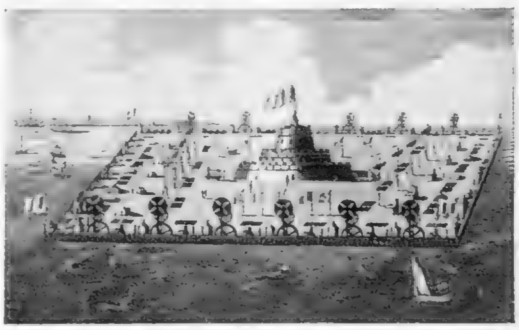
General Monk, now Duke of Albemarle, hurried off to Rochester to protect the fine English naval ships lying in the Medway. The Dutch had by now retired from Gravesend, not contemplating an attack on London, and had entered the Medway. A heavy chain had been placed across the river, to protect the ships, but there were no men to man the latter and no powder or shot aboard. Frantic efforts were made by Monk to get ships sunk in the fairway, but his orders were not carried out, and the English suffered their greatest national disgrace when the Dutch snapped the iron chain, fired on the helpless ships, destroying them completely, and after sailing up to Chatham, returned down the river, dragging the finest ship in the British Navy, the *Royal Charles*, in triumph behind them.

Six weeks later peace was signed at Breda, on fairly equal terms, but the English could not forget the humiliation of having heard the enemy's guns in London, without having the satisfaction of driving him off in defeat.

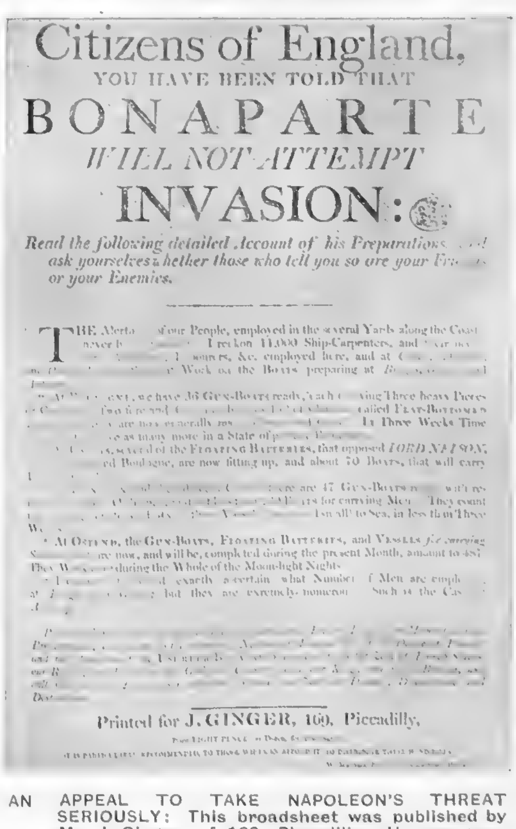
The year 1690 was an anxious one for the British Government, with the country torn between the Jacobites, favouring the banished King, James II, and those supporting the new monarchs, William III and Queen Mary. It was an opportunity for the French, who then possessed an admiral of great ability.

The Comte de Tourville was a commander who knew and understood by practical experience every part of naval warfare, and his appearance with a fine fleet in the Channel while King William was absent fighting in Ireland caused considerable perturbation. But there was a combined English and Dutch fleet under Torrington which should have been able to beat off any attack by the French if properly directed. Unfortunately, Torrington, though personally brave, was irresolute, and finding the French, near the Isle of Wight, to exceed him in numbers, decided to withdraw to Dover. Everyone had expected a great naval battle but neither the French nor the English had forced an engagement. The Privy Council ordered Torrington to give battle, which he accordingly did with great reluctance. He allowed the Dutch ships to bear the brunt, and when they were badly damaged, withdrew with the Dutch to the Thames, leaving de Tourville in command of the Channel.

His fleet was increased by additional ships and many galleys, and the intention now was to make a landing, expecting to find a general rising in favour of King James. In July he anchored in Torbay, and landed at Teignmouth, which he burned, sacked two churches, and slaughtered cattle. By this time the whole of Devon and Cornwall were roused and all southern England had rushed to arms, any thought of private dissension being lost in the general hatred of France. De Tourville found the country was against him and withdrew after this abortive attempt on a small market town.



A GIANT RAFT WHICH WAS NEVER BUILT: This effort to construct special landing apparatus never got beyond the model stage although "floating batteries" were built. This raft was to be 700 yards long and 350 broad. It was to have a central gun citadel and a series of windmills all round to work water wheels


Citizens of England,
YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT
BONAPARTE
WILL NOT ATTEMPT
INVASION:
Read the following detailed Account of his Preparations, and ask yourselves whether those who tell you so are your Fr[illegible] or your Enemies.

[illegible]

Printed for J. GINGER, 169, Piccadilly,

AN APPEAL TO TAKE NAPOLEON'S THREAT SERIOUSLY: This broadsheet was published by Mr. J. Ginger, of 169, Piccadilly. He was very active in producing appeals calculated to rouse an easygoing public. Details are given of the number of boats gathered at various Channel ports

A hundred years were to elapse before England had her next invasion, and this one was almost laughable. When the French Revolutionary government were at war with England they sent a force of ex-convicts under an Irish commander named Tate, which was successfully landed on the Welsh coast near Fishguard in 1797. The men were quite undisciplined and proceeded to loot the cottages, which happened to be well stocked with wine and spirits rescued from a recent wreck.

General Tate could not rouse his men from their drunkenness to attack Fishguard, and meantime Lord Cawdor had gathered some militia, and two thousand Welshmen, armed with any weapons they could pick up, scythes, reaping hooks, and hayforks, joined the militia. It is said that the women, wearing their red cloaks, who followed their menfolk, deceived the French into thinking they were regular forces. An ignominious surrender took place, without any fighting.

The Fishguard fiasco was only a prelude to a serious threat against the shores of England. While still a General, Napoleon was eager to bring down England's pride, but after a visit to the coast he decided that it was, for the moment, impossible, till France had gained naval supremacy.

So he determined that the conquest of Egypt was more important, an effort which ought to have convinced him even more strongly of the power of the British Navy. Yet in 1803, when Emperor, he returned to his great ambition, the invasion of England, and made enormous preparation for the conveyance of a large force to land in England. Thirteen hundred flat-bottomed boats were made to carry the troops, boats which all naval authorities claimed were unseaworthy, and could only be used in a season of absolute calm. The Emperor was at first prepared to send this flotilla without any support at sea, but his naval advisers finally persuaded him that it was impossible.

Napoleon then planned that the French fleet at Toulon and the Spanish fleet at Cadiz were to escape from the English fleets blockading the ports, to sail to Martinique and land forces to drive out the English who had captured the French island possessions and then proceed back to the Channel to act as naval prote tion for the flat-bottomed troopships. All this was planned as if naval operations could be carried out to date, as those on land. Nelson was to be deceived into thinking the French fleet had gone east, instead of west, but he was, after a short hesitation, convinced that the enemy had gone west and pursued them.

In fact, all the detailed schemes to be carried out by Napoleon's navy failed and no men-of-war appeared in the Channel. Meanwhile, England, finally aroused, had made great exertions, volunteers had offered themselves, and in all parts of the island preparations were made for meeting the enemy. Martello towers were erected on the Kent and Sussex coasts, small blockhouse fortresses capable of offering good opposition to an invading force.

Napoleon kept his 130,000 men constantly employed in embarking exercises, and is reported to have said "If I can only be master of the sea for six hours, England will cease to exist." He did not get those important six hours, but even if he had succeeded in landing, his conquest of England would have been no easy matter and it is possible that Napoleon might have met his Waterloo on our southern coasts in 1805 had he ever attained the invasion which he so ardently desired.

As the event proved, Napoleon was never able to use the great flotilla at Boulogne, and was baulked of his ambition, as even his genius could not control the wind and the waves.

HARROW v. WINCHESTER AT HARROW SCHOOL: A scene reminiscent of the days when thoughts of war were remote and threats of invasion unheard of. Harrow boys watching last week's cricket match

OF WAR ARE YET UNHEARD

Adapting Body and Mind to a New World; The "Might-Have-Been"; A Memory of Waterloo

WHEN OUR WORLD ENDED.—Those writers who survive this war will have to hand a subject of unparalleled dramatic interest and historical importance. They must bear record of a moment which never came in the late war, and, so far as I know, never came in any crisis of modern English history. I mean that moment when we in Britain realised that our world had fallen about our ears and that, in mind and body, thought and action, we had been transferred to a new order.

Exactly when that moment came I do not know for certain. Perhaps for some on May 10. For most, I should judge, on May 23, when German units were harassing Boulogne and the Government had announced the existence of a totalitarian state, to wage war to the death against the totalitarian principle and the Nazi practice of it. At some moment between those two dates, a majority of thinking men and women suddenly found that they had crossed the frontier between two states of existence.

The language, customs, and methods of thought in the one bore no recognisable relationship with those current in the other. We no longer saw ourselves as individuals with rights and claims and personal aims. We saw the State as an ant-heap and ourselves as units controlled and directed.

There fell from our shoulders a score of life-long burdens, the care of our own won or inherited possessions, the future of our immediate family, the preservation of our positions in the grade of society in which we had been born or to which we had attained. Personal property had ceased to count, class distinctions had no meaning, the future and also the past had dissolved into one fierce and blazing central point, the present. The present held only one immediate consciousness, national survival. The things which all our lives we have worked for and planned for and with infinite precaution safeguarded, were thrown on the discard dump or hurled into the common pool. As individuals we had ceased to exist.

Adapting Oneself to Changed Circumstances.—If the human mind and body were not capable, even in advanced middle age, to adapt themselves to changed conditions, it is quite certain that over a long period of history the average of longevity would never have risen despite the improvements in medical science and sanitation. It is a fact which we can rely on. We are so capable and have shown it. We are becoming habituated to living under active service conditions in our own homes.

We watch our babies tumbling on the lawn and little girls learning geography and lawn tennis on ground which any moment may be pitted by bombs. We sit in uniform in our libraries working away at army forms, preparing "returns" and "indents"; we snatch from the "orderly room" our legitimate quarter-hours of exercise and employ them in desultory weeding or hoeing in beds which a fortnight ago were our ceaseless care and pride. We see our once smooth lawns, like unshaven chins, sprouting foul seeding grasses and weeds. We see our houses turned upside down by the presence of new war visitors.

We are habituated to disturbed nights, scratch meals and constant night journeys. We are too busy to read the papers, too busy to turn on the wireless. A fortnight ago all such matters were the breath of life to us. We were still spectators of war. To-day we are participants in a totally novel form of it—and we are adapting our bodies and minds to the change.

As it Might Have Been.—The epic of Dunkirk and the battle for Paris were both fought when conditions of cloudless summer with very high temperatures were static in England. It was the loveliest May and early June in my memory and the most persistent sequence of perfect days. Cricket days. I thought of the keen interest which these weeks would have brought to the County Championship. Big scores, records, headlines. Not to say perfect joy to the idle cricket fans in their favourite seats at Lord's, Canterbury, Trent Bridge. And on Saturday evenings on the village greens, the shadows lengthening behind the elms across the heart of England. The music of bat on ball.

I thought of days at Olympia; of enchanted nights at the Aldershot Tattoo, with stirring memories of battles long ago. Were they indeed *war*, those pop-gun episodes which passed for danger for our grandfathers and ancestors? They are child's play for the children of 1940. I saw the picture of Ascot enclosure with the gorgeous ladies and smart grey-hatted men, the glossy racehorses, the flowers and the Fashion; I thought of the sea fronts of England, the girdle of once teeming bungalows round our coast, the bathing huts, the moonlight bathing, the long trek back to the towns. Of polo at Ranelagh, of the tennis at Wimbledon, of the great golf championships, with late results filling up all the stop-press space.

"England in danger"; "Australia's great effort"; "America's entry"; "Germany's doubles challenge"; "Young Belgian's defeat." We use much the same headlines this fine summer but we apply the captions to a sterner game. "If only . . ." Is it ever so? The ideals we dream of come at last, when we have no power to enjoy them. What a wasted summer! And yet not altogether wasted . . .

The lovely dawns and nights, calm and balmy, have at least sweetened the new business of ceaseless watching for scores of thousands of hard-worked men all over Britain; have lessened the difficulties and discomforts of night alarms for innumerable men and women in those early days before provision could be made for their shelter in wet or cold weather. If fine weather and drought are in favour of the army with the weight of tanks and mechanised vehicles, it increases the opportunities of offensive action from the air. If heat adds intolerably to the fatigues of constant fighting, it removes some of the miseries of the nights of broken, fitful sleep and for refugees a part of the agonies of their flights. And for those who wait and watch in their still unshattered homes?

The loveliness of summer is not wholly a mockery. It reminds us that in a world of constant change and loss, there are still permanent things, and that Nature is stronger and more enduring than the forces launched by man.

One day this man-made horror will be a memory but, punctual as ever, faithful as ever, lovely and comforting as ever, the seasons will succeed each other; the scars of war will be once more covered and healed, and the green leaves and golden corn will hide the tragedies and mellow the bitterness of this present agony. For those who survive there will be divine springs, golden summers, and serene autumn fields to restore their sanity and hope and faith in God and men.

"The Hand of God Was With Me."—Here is a memory of another decisive battle in the world's history, fought on the same blood-stained field a century and a quarter ago (to the month). It is a little picture, in Siborne's narrative, of Wellington in a vital phase of the Battle of Waterloo on June 18, 1815. Major Blair had been sent to try to get in touch with him, to warn him of a newly-threatening danger from the French cavalry. At last he met the Duke who was followed by a single orderly. To this orderly he gave his message in English, and, not being understood, again in French. The orderly answered: "*Le Duc lui-même a été voir: il n'y a rien à craindre.*"

Siborne then proceeded: "Here, then, was the great chieftain himself . . . acting solely on his own observation; his staff, and even orderlies, almost all killed or wounded . . . his only attendant a foreigner (Count de Sales, a Sardinian officer). It is impossible not to recognise, in the extraordinary degree of security with which this great man . . . exposed himself throughout the entire day, the protecting interposition of an all-wise and merciful Providence . . . ." Alone, borne forward on the wings of victory, he moved to and fro, serene and confident, issuing his orders in quiet tones, while his great antagonist was now "abandoning himself to despair and flying from the fatal field on which the sceptre he had usurped was signally and irrecoverably struck from his iron grasp."

The Duke himself remarked later on that he believed the hand of God was with him that day. And his remark to Creevey, in Brussels on the 19th, "By God, I don't think it would have done if I had not been there," also suggests that he believed in that interposition of Providence, and believed, too, that he was that day singled out as the instrument of the Divine Will.

And is not it (you may say), is not it precisely that belief in his star, his mission, his (divine or satanic) employment as the instrument of destiny, is not that the force and inspiration of every leader, Napoleon and Hitler included, in a decisive battle? No doubt. But many sound witnesses declared that Napoleon did not possess it on June 18, 1815. One day we may learn from competent witnesses that Hitler on a certain day in the summer of 1940 began to lose his belief in it even in the hour of his bloodstained, costly triumph.

J. G.

THE VISITORS GO OUT TO FIELD: Despite the war, it is a pleasant thought to many that the good old English game of cricket still flourishes. The Winchester team is seen leaving the pavilion to take their places on the field in the annual Harrow v. Winchester match

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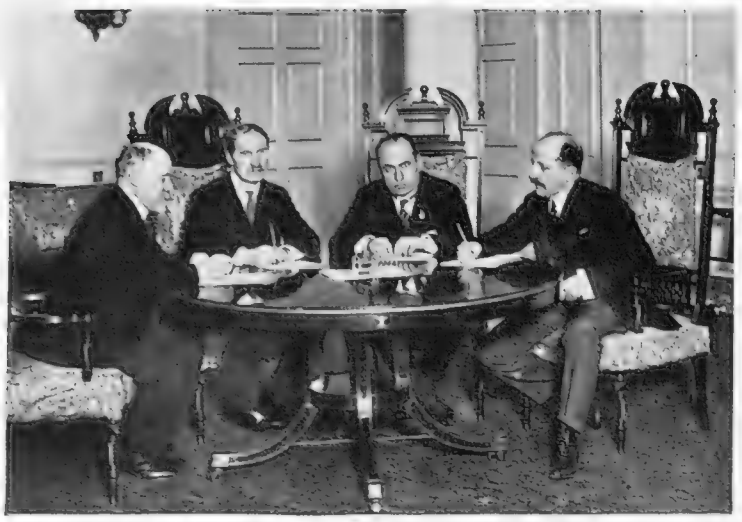

WHEN MUSSOLINI VISITED ENGLAND: It is not generally known that the Duce, before he acquired that high-sounding title, came over here to represent Italy at the Four-Power Talk in 1922. He is seen with Mr. Bonar Law, M. Poincaré, and M. Georges Theunis, the Belgian Premier. Ironically enough, out of this group Mussolini is the only one alive to-day

HISTORIC PARALLEL: With broomsticks instead of bayonets if necessary, that is how the youth of to-day is being trained. It is interesting to look back to the equally grim days in the last war when the onrushing enemy seemed invincible. Here are recruits of the last war being drilled in Trafalgar Square with the aid of a gramophone

THE GREAT ALL-PARTY MEETING IN DUBLIN: Mr. W. T. Cosgrave, leader of the Fine Gael Party, speaking. Behind him are General Mulcahy; Mr. Norton, leader of the Labour Party; Mr. de Valera, and Mr. Frank Aiken. This was the first occasion for twenty years that Mr. Cosgrave and Mr. de Valera have spoken at a meeting from the same platform

INSTRUCTION FOR ARMY CHAPLAINS: Clergymen from all parts of Britain taking a special course at Chester College which will fit them more completely in body, mind, and spirit for their jobs as chaplains to the fighting forces. They are seen attending a lecture given by the Rev. Stanley Astbury, Principal of the College for Padres, the first of its kind in the country

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

LITERATURE for the SERIOUS-MINDED

World Affairs are the Subjects of this Week's Books

TO many of us the year 1936 may seem like the day before yesterday. But a few years removed, and how far it is.

Mr. Philip Guedalla, equipped with all the up-to-date armament, offensive and defensive, of the modern historian, tackles this year, pregnant with world-shaking events, in **THE HUNDREDTH YEAR** (Thornton Butterworth. 12s. 6d.). Mr. Guedalla has read all the newspapers, the illustrated papers, the court circulars and looked over the news reels of the period under review. He himself lived through that year, and did not remain silent when contemporary events were shaping themselves. With almost every other adult male in these islands, he held some strong views upon what was going on; so that to his role of historian he can also bring a totality of personal experience, which may or may not be a good thing if we are to consider this book as history.

Irony, wit and pointed epigram, the balancing of event against event, the bridging of time and distance in a sentence, the arbitrary opposition of passionate moments; these are the materials of the modern historian. The result is bound to be a picture strongly mirrored in personality; and if that personality be so definite in character as Mr. Guedalla's it is none the worse for that. If, for instance, he rides to do battle for Edward VIII, and overloads his book with the passionate arguments attendant upon an almost forgotten episode, it may be because he thinks that the matter of the lady from Baltimore had a greater significance than the Nazi occupation of the Rhineland. Or it may be that the one event stirred him more deeply than the other. The King could do no wrong. But there are other charges to be laid at the door of the Prime Minister of that day, more fundamental than his handling of this domestic, if Royal, storm in the island teacup.

This book was no doubt written and completed before the outbreak of the present conflict; and at that moment it might be reasonable that there should be some comfort and pleasure to be extracted from the figure of fun which emerges in the name of Hitler. To-day the laugh goes a little awry; and we are reminded that history is always in the making, and that historians, no matter how modern, how brilliant and how witty, can, with events too much in focus, be confronted uncomfortably by their own judgments.

There would have been a time during the past twelve months when a novel having its setting in Spain, and being focussed upon the effects of the sanguinary conflict in that country, would have seemed out of place. Spain, it might have been said, had receded far into the background, as did so many things which shook the world at the time, but did not bear retrospective re-examination in the light of current events.

Miss Rose Macaulay's new novel, **AND NO MAN'S WIT** (Collins. 8s. 6d.), is very definitely bound up with all the implications, political and otherwise, of the Spanish War. Strangely enough, it appears at a moment when that prelude to Armageddon is back in focus again. Somewhere in the course of this book Miss Macaulay reveals it to be the opinion of a Spanish grandee that the French were worthy of distrust and dislike because they were always exporting ideas. The English were also to be equally disliked because they were always interfering in the internal affairs of other people.

The principal character in this novel is a determined English woman doctor, who crashes into Spain after the Civil War to look for her son Guy, who, having fought in the International Brigade, is either held there in prison or is in hiding from the Spanish authorities. She is accompanied by her youngest son, who is a typical prickly young Left-Winger, her daughter, who is steeped in nothing more serious than the reading and writing of light fiction, her son Guy's *fiancée*, a silent and lovely creature, and an efficient young mechanic, who had also fought in the brigade with Guy.

Dr. Marlowe was the kind of woman who all her life had been busy-bodying herself with world affairs, sending telegrams to presidents and dictators protesting against this and that, marching in processions, and generally behaving like an irrepressible champion of all sorts and conditions of rights all over the world. She and her family manage to make contact with a Spanish *Marques* who had been a friend of Guy's at Oxford. Out of affection for Guy, and because he fell for the lovely Ellen, Raimón was willing to help; but the encounter between Dr. Marlowe's brood and his stiff-necked family enables Miss Macaulay to exercise her sense of humour to its full, and to extract the maximum of shrewd observation from every kind of debating point which could arise from such a situation.

There is plenty of action in this novel, but in the main it is a novel of ideas; and in the hands of so skilled a writer it has been made exciting. There can be no question as to the direction in which Miss Macaulay's own sympathies lie, but the book is strengthened by her ability to pierce the earnest and interfering English Liberal with as many shafts as those with which she riddles the uncompromising medievalism of the Spanish nobility. As for the Falangists, the Fascists, the Requetes, and all the motley gang round the Caudillo himself, they are here presented in all their trumpery transitoriness, without there being any mistake as to their contemporary importance and their potential danger in the battle which is going on to-day.

Miss Macaulay is always a joy and a delight to read, and her wit has never sparkled to greater advantage than in this book.

The enigmatic figure of Lawrence of Arabia is still surrounded with an element of mystery, in spite of the many books written about him since his death. Nobody ever seems to have known the real Lawrence; and here is another book to prove it.

THE GOLDEN REIGN (Cassell. 12s. 6d.), by Clare Sidney Smith, is sub-titled "The Story of my Friendship with Lawrence of Arabia." It covers the period of a friendship which began early in 1920, and continued to his death. During the greater part of this period, Lawrence, in the guise of Aircraftman T. E. Shaw, was serving under the command of Mrs. Smith's husband at the R.A.F. depot at Mount Batten

To Mrs. Smith and her family he was just Tes; and in spite of the restrictions which must necessarily have been present in the relationship between a commanding officer and a man in the ranks, the friendship ripened into a real family intimacy. The book is full of typical letters from T.E.S., and crowded with anecdotes and the trivia of everyday life. There is very little in the record that is profound, but a good deal in it which sheds a human light upon the character of this extraordinary man.

For all his much publicised shyness and desire to withdraw from the world, he was a man who had a large number of devoted friends and an astonishingly large and diverse collection of acquaintances. The popular conception of him as shy, modest and obstinately retiring does not march with his gregariousness and garrulousness, and his curious habit of doing the unexpected thing at the unexpected time, which somehow got him into the news. An example of this peculiar trait is his behaviour on disembarking from the *Rajputana* on his way back from India, when the Chief of the Air Staff had taken extraordinary measures to secure that he should be unmolested by reporters and press photographers.

As is natural, Mrs. Smith contributes very little in this book which is not this side idolatry; but she has a naive and ingenuous style which gives the record a genuine quality, and makes it very well worth the reading by those who still find in Lawrence one of the most extraordinary and attractive personalities of our generation.

COME ANOTHER DAY, the Autobiography of Pat Mullen (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.), is a book which should be read; not for what it contains, but rather for what it leaves out. Not from the beginning to the end does Pat Mullen drag in by the ears one famous name, in his youth no famous man patted him on the shoulder, never does he parade his soul; his love life is all but omitted. It is a refreshing factual account of a man who lived, fought and worked with his own two hands.

Pat Mullen left the Isle of Arran and went to America as an emigrant before the last war. It is not a from plough-boy to President story, but an honest account of the other 99.9 per cent. He worked as a labourer on the roads, the railways, as a gardener, a wool packer; he said of himself: "My labour power is for sale. Look me over. I am six feet in height and weigh over two hundred pounds . . . What am I worth to you?"

This book is the story of a real fighting Irishman. Proud of his strength, he was willing to match it on every occasion, from lifting rock and throwing stones, to seeing if he could pack a bale of wool faster than the next fellow, and all through the book runs a series of gory fights and blinding drunks. If his strength of will had been equal to his strength of muscle, Pat Mullen might have been a great man: as it is, he is a man.

In the issue of THE SPHERE *for June 8 Mr. Harry Harper's book on flying was inadvertently referred to as* **LADS OF THE AIR**. *This, of course, should have read* **LORDS OF THE AIR** (*R. T. S. Lutterworth Press. 8s. 6d.*)

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2nd Group people seem to sleep well enough yet can't stand up to war worry and anxiety. They tire easily, feel "nervy," can't keep their mind on things. That's because excess acid waste products in the blood *activate* their brain and nerves at night. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

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The people in this Group are least able to stand war strain. They sleep badly — can't get to sleep, lie awake or wake tired. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition, ensures 1st Group Sleep.

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WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

IT'S a curious fact that some people suffer much more than others from war strain. Even though they sleep 8 or 9 hours every night they feel depressed, "nervy" and tired.

Scientists explain it by pointing out that a great many people belong to the wrong sleep group. There are 3 Sleep Groups altogether.

People in the 1st Sleep Group get perfect rest for their brain and nerves even from a short night's sleep. They find they can stand up splendidly to war worry and anxiety.

But the trouble with people in the 2nd and 3rd Sleep Groups is that their brain and nerves are kept active at night by the body's excess acid waste products, which accumulate in the blood.

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

THE backbone of many an hotel is its elderly people; having given up their own homes for one reason or another, they flit with the seasons to our spas and resorts, and over coffee in the lounge after dinner, you will find them reading, ruminating and reminiscing about the various hotels in which they have stayed.

Of course, like any other section of the community, there is a percentage impossible to please, and a wise hotelier keeps a black list of such people, for a real grouser can play havoc among visitors and staff, and it is financial suicide to accept that class of visitor knowingly. In fact, one can often judge the running of an hotel by the class of guest to be found there, and the ability of the management to handle the awkward customer with firmness.

I had not been a couple of hours at the Long Mynd Hotel, Church Stretton, before I was certain I had found another good hotel. The reception was friendly and helpful when I arrived; the dining-room staff thought ahead of one's requirements—fresh toast always to hand, ice in one's glass; in short, quiet, willing and slick service. The manageress had a watchful eye for everything and everybody, and after a talk with her one realised that she had human understanding, and so could please, placate and still pleasantly preside over her clientele . . . elderly people. In these days when so many hotels are no longer available, it is good to have discovered one which will appeal to many no longer able to stay at their favourite resorts, Harrogate, Buxton, Llandrindod Wells and the like. Not that these places have no hotels open, but it is never quite the same thing to revisit a spot when the doors of your old favourite are closed. Better to seek pastures new, and for the view, the lights and shades, even the soft rain, you will be enchanted, as I was, with the Long Mynd Hotel.

The panorama from my bedroom window brought to mind Scottish Highlands, or Alpine valleys, perhaps more forcibly the latter, for the fields were so green, the distances so deceptive. Rashly before dinner, I suggested that the summit of the hill before me could be reached in half an hour—after my meal I decided that two hours would be nearer the mark! How could one grouse in such surroundings? None the less, one's abode can make or mar a visit, so if you contemplate Church Stretton make the Long Mynd your stopping place. The high ceilings, many windows, and exceptionally wide corridors give you a great feeling of space, and in addition to two lounges there is a gloriously wide ground floor balcony from which you can get all the sun—and that view again. That this place has a charm for everyone cannot be denied, but it is not for young people; it is intended as a haven for the fifty-year-olds, and over.

Retreat is not a popular word in military parlance, but there are times when it is strategically necessary to do that very thing, in order to make the next attack more telling. In the same way it does us all good to "retreat" at times, even if only for a few days' breather, to some place where we can feel at peace with the world, forget our worries and relax completely.

I have lately been exploring the lovely valley of the Wye, and I cannot think of a better retreating place for anyone in need of a mental refresher. This placid river, in which cattle stand knee deep in the midday sun, like a Morland come to life, flows past lovely villages, quiet country houses, on its leisurely way to the sea, infecting the surrounding atmosphere with its gentle, peaceful ways.

On the banks of the Wye, about 2½ miles from the little town of Ross, stands the Mount Craig Hotel, as good a "strategic retreat" into the land of comfort as any I can imagine. If you come in from the Monmouth direction, you will find it to the left along that road; if you are travelling by rail, Ross is your station; if you motor from Hereford way you turn right-handed before crossing the Wye at Ross, and the hotel lies back from the road on your right, well posted with its own sign, though, of course, without more explicit directions!

The first thing that struck me about Mount Craig, after swinging up its narrow private drive and coming to rest in front of its gabled porch, was the fact that you could hear no sign of the busy life along the main road below you, yet only the width of the terraced lawns separate you from it. The next thing that struck me, as it will strike you, no matter what the season, was the profusion of flowers both in the garden and the house. Tall sprays of canterbury bells stood in a carved cradle in the corner of the lounge the day I was there; pinks and sweet williams filled the dining-room with their scent. A walled garden was a riot of roses and catmint, and a little pond in front of the house displayed some of the finest water lilies I have seen.

The lounges at Mount Craig are light and airy, the bedrooms modernly equipped and furnished, but a love of the antique is betrayed by the old panelling in the dining-room, brought from the choir stalls of a country church, and an exquisite grandfather clock in the hall.

Servants are hard to come by these days, but should Mrs. How, who runs the hotel, ever be short of staff, it would not worry her unduly, for it is obvious from the "personal touch" with which she has imbued the house that she is quite capable of doing any of the jobs herself. From the selection of wines and menus to the arrangement of flowers and the personal inspection of bedrooms she is "on the spot," and, in fact, on several spots at once.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.

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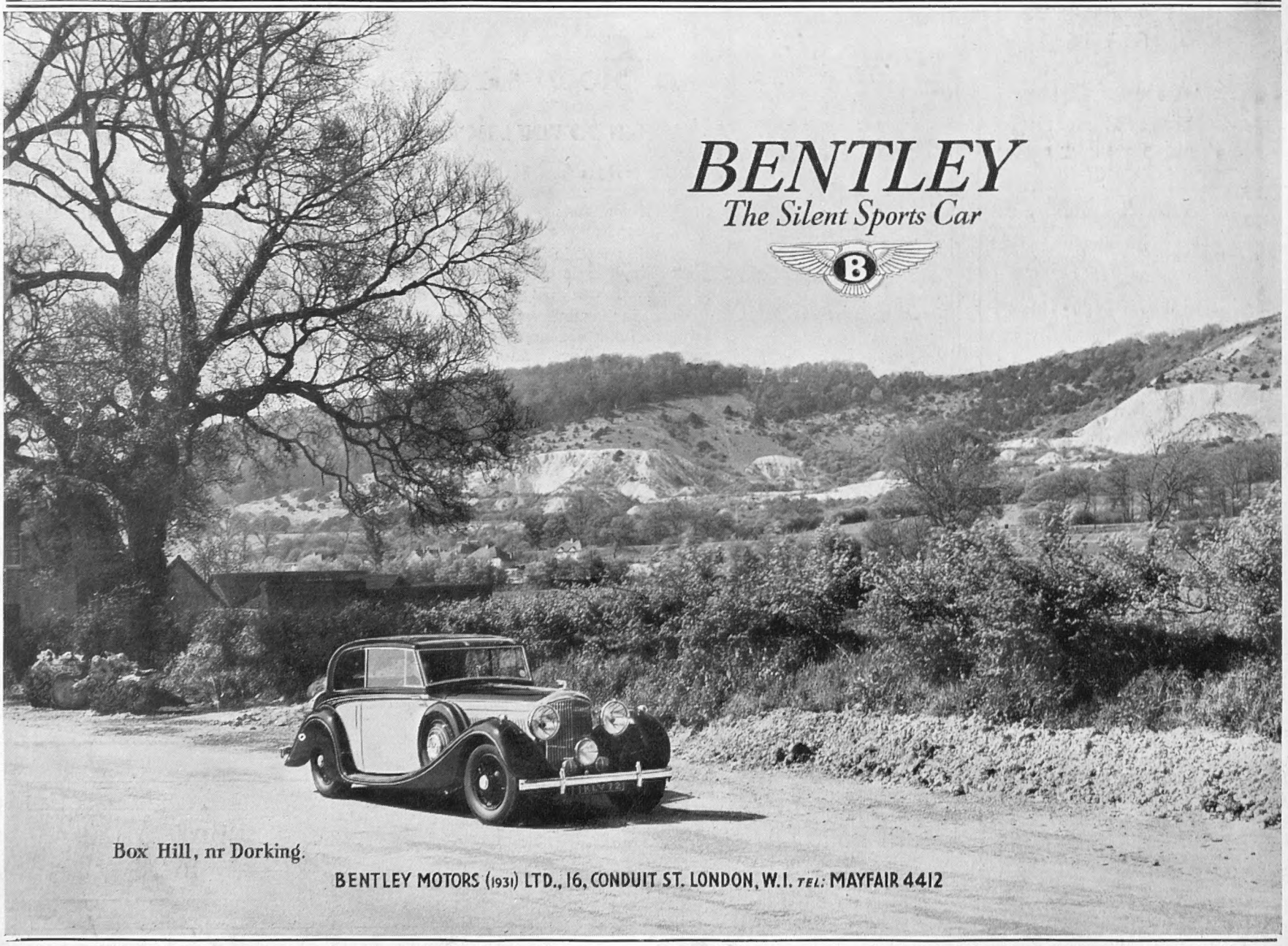

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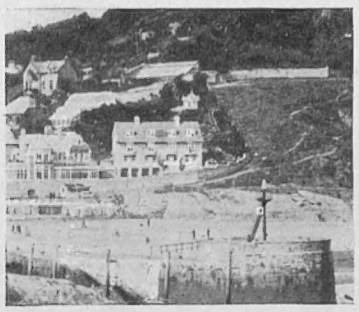

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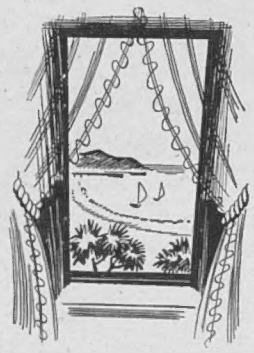

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The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel. Tel. 3235/36.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bishopsteignton (S. Devon).—Huntly Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. & R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Priory Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton.—The King's Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cerne Abbas.—The Old House. Tel. 72.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
Crowborough (Sussex).—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Grassington (Yorks.).—Devonshire Hotel. Tel. 25
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lytham (Lancs.)—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Paignton.—Ravenswood Hotel. Cliff Road.
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Shaftesbury (Dorset).—Coombe House Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Cedar Shade Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel. Torquay 2161.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)

ENGLAND—*continued*

Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 105
Washington (Sussex).—Clematis Cottage Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

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Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Dorset Square Hotel. Off Baker St., N.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl. Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

SCOTLAND

Gairloch (Ross-shire).—Gairloch Hotel.
Glen o'Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Oban.—Great Western Hotel.
Onich (Inverness-shire).—Creaghdhu Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—G.N.R. Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—G.N.R. Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—G.N.R. Hotel.
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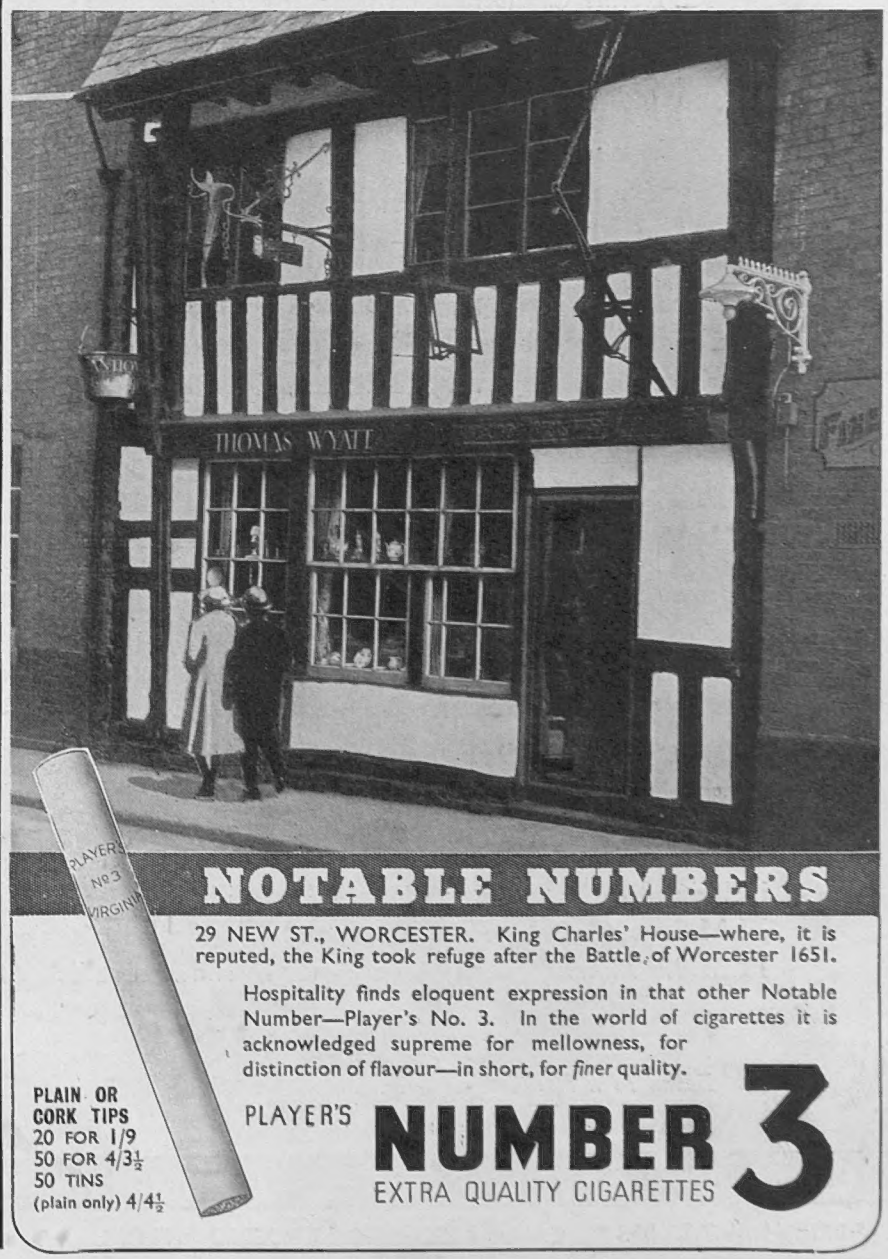

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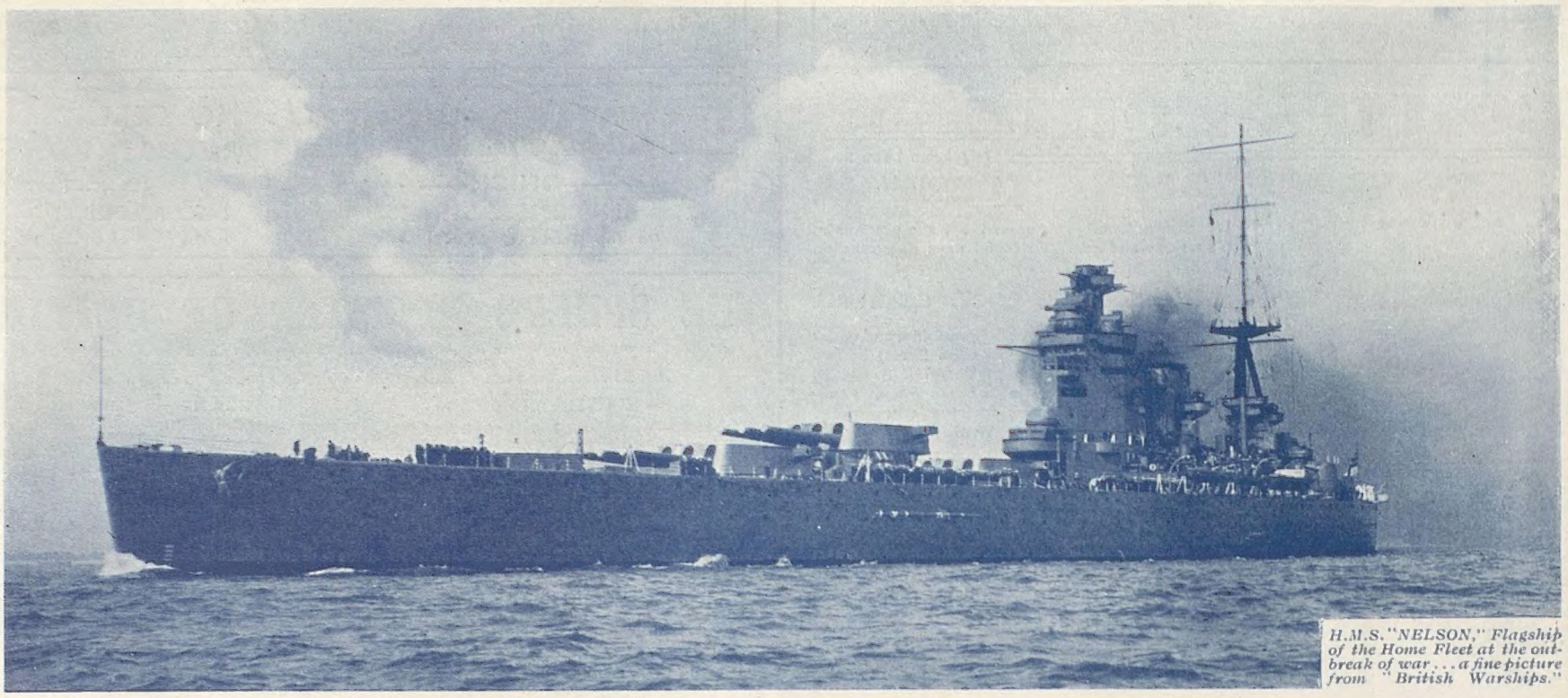

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